39 NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 1952

Dry Season

Lael W. Hill

Now we concern ourselves with the shape of a cloud—
With direction and swirl and gusty-sudden wind;
The plain grows listless under the sun's hot flood—
Its weight of summer lies heavy on the land.

Who would have thought we could weary of skies so clear
Or look to the rise of dawn with a clutching dread
Hard at the heel of our thought? But the sun's desire
Shimmers over us, and its portent is not good.

Now we concern ourselves with the shape of a prayer
For billows of dark above us, cool and kind,
Released into silver channels across earth's floor—
And the grateful calm of souls after it has rained.

The Cover: Lake Almanor and Mount Lassen, California
Photograph by Don Knight
Frontispiece Saguaros Along San Carlos Lake, Arizona
Photograph by Josef Muench

From Near and Far

Invitation to Relief Society

Women, women, God is calling,
Calling you from home today.
Leave your work and bring your children—
You can study while they play.
Learn the truths about the gospel,
Literature, and science, too.
Come all women here among us,
God will love you, if you do.

Come and join our Singing Mothers,
Sing the strains of life and love.
We are led by noble women,
Of their time they freely give.
Come and sing about the gospel,
Join with us in songs of praise.
Then your burdens will be lighter,
Life will bring more happy days.

—Lera Clark Maughan
Bountiful, Utah

"The Hee-Haw Pony" story by Florence B. Dunford (third prize story, March 1950) is still a special favorite of the children of my family. They ask for it again and again. They remember the pony and the children, especially the little girl who stuttered. Needless to say, I like that story, too.

—Clark N. Stohl
Salt Lake City, Utah

How lovely Iris Schow's mother must be! I'm grateful that she gave us a glimpse of her through her poem "Our Young Mother" (May 1952). And Sylvia Probst Young, in her simple, beautiful way, makes us recognize the Miss Tracys in our communities and appreciate and love them a little more ("A Tribute to Miss Tracy," May 1952).

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

I very much enjoy the serial "Uncertain Possession," by Beatrice R. Parsons (beginning in January 1952). In fact I enjoy all the *Magazine*. It is a tribute to your fine editorship.

—Sylvia Probst Young
Midvale, Utah

As a family we would feel that we had lost something or someone if the *Magazine* did not arrive each month. Our seventeen-year-old daughter thinks it is the best publication printed and looks eagerly forward to its arrival. This, of course, is just sharing our own feelings in the matter.

—Mrs. Ivy Gregson
New Westminster, B. C.,
Canada

I have always shared my mother's *Magazine* (Mrs. Alice M. Lambert, Roosevelt, Utah), but she left us in May, so I want to carry on her wise example. Enclosed find check for my subscription. Mother worked in the Relief Society for over fifty years. No matter what other economies she had to make, she always had the *Magazine*. Many carefully kept copies were passed on to the local society when she died. I am sure the *Magazine* will be a comfort to me and an inspiration to live right.

—Della L. Snyder
Myton, Utah

Words cannot express how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is the only contact I have with the Church here in Jamaica. I read the *Magazine* and pass it on to other families and they enjoy it as much as we do, even though they are not members of the Church. We have been on the island for eight months and are looking forward to coming back to the States in September. Living among other people who have not had opportunities to become acquainted with our religion has certainly made me appreciate our wonderful heritage. The *Magazine* was presented to me as a gift from my mother, Mrs. A. W. Wallin, and no other gift could have been appreciated and enjoyed as thoroughly as the *Magazine* has been.

—Mrs. Bernice Gilman
Mandeville, Jamaica,
West Indies

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

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The Place of Brigham Young University in Church Education

Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson
President, Brigham Young University

LET us look at a day in the life of Ann, a typical Brigham Young University student.

Ann lives in a home at the edge of the campus, which is rented by the university to six girls. Today she arises at 6 A.M., for she has a class at 7:45, and it is her turn to prepare breakfast for the other girls. Yesterday she helped do the shopping at the local market. The girls do all of their own meal planning, cooking, and housekeeping, practices which, along with early rising, are encouraged by the university, because they are good training for future homemakers. Some classes actually begin at 6:40 A.M.

Breakfast is soon ready—orange juice, eggs, bacon, toast, and milk, but no coffee. Ann calls the other girls from their dressing and early study, and as all are assembled they kneel at their places and conduct family prayer.

Prayer plays a great part in the lives of all these girls, for they are religious. In fact, ninety-seven per cent of the student body of the university are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One girl in Ann's apartment is not a member of the Church, but she kneels and takes her turn at prayer, because she is investigating the gospel and enjoys the religious atmosphere.

The forenoon is busy—a class in English, then a class in American History. Ann's teachers are all members of the Church and often refer to Church doctrine in their lectures.

In history she is taught that the American Constitution was divinely inspired. She is impressed—she had been told that before—but the fact that the statement is made by one holding a Doctor of Philosophy degree impresses her anew.

It is Tuesday, so she spends the third period in the great new Field House in devotional exercises. They are held in the Field House because nearly four thousand students attend. They assemble once a week to worship their Creator. The meeting is opened with prayer, and the massed choruses of the university, led by one of the music faculty, sing a Latter-day Saint hymn. A member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles is the speaker. (Next year it is planned to have every member of the General Authorities address the student body sometime during the year.)

After devotional, Ann has a religion class. Everyone at the university is required to take religion—at least two credits each quarter. Ann likes religion classes. There are courses in the departments of Archaeology, Bible and Modern Scripture (Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of

Great Price), Church History, Church Organization and Administration, and Theology and Religious Philosophy. Since over fifty different courses in religion are offered, Ann has a variety of choices. The classes are opened with prayer and song and carefully follow a course of study. Through these classes Ann has greatly strengthened her testimony. Since she studied these courses as intensively as any other college course, she got much more out of them than when merely auditing the same subject matter.

At noon Ann goes through the cafeteria line for her lunch and carries her tray to the table where her friends usually meet. She places the food on the table, then quickly and silently bows her head and says a brief blessing. No one ridicules her and she is not embarrassed at this school which is dedicated to religion. There is no coffee served in the cafeteria nor at any other place on the campus. There is no smoking, either.

ANN is majoring in Home Economics, so in the afternoon she has a good, stiff course in chemistry —both class and laboratory work. She expects when she graduates to be either a dietician or a mother who really knows the composition and value of foods—she will probably be both.

She studies during the balance of the afternoon, most evenings, and on week ends. She learns that scholarship, like any other great reward, comes only through daily and constant work. And she soon learns to enjoy study as much as she once learned to enjoy play. Hard study, like virtue, she finds, has its own reward.

On Tuesday, however, after a long afternoon of work, Ann goes to Mutual Improvement Association meeting in the Joseph Smith Building on the campus. It is a meeting of the Campus Branch, which is made up of students living on and near the campus. It is an unusual branch, for it is made up of and operated entirely by students and this last year had an average attendance of 1,016 in sacrament meetings. Ann likes the fast meetings best of all, because the testimonies of the young people from all over the world are thrilling to her. Because so many young people want to bear their testimonies, two fast services are held each Sunday, and over forty students relate their spiritual experiences. Ann realizes, as she never realized before, that ours is a world-wide Church—it is not confined to Utah, nor even to the Western United States.

At Mutual Improvement Association meeting Ann sits with John. John is one of seven hundred returned missionaries on the campus and met Ann at one of the regular student body dances. They are engaged to be married when both of them graduate next year. It is a pattern which is the case with many young men and women at the Brigham Young University. Coming from far distances, where there may be little opportunity to marry in the Church, and surrounded at the Brigham Young University with a religious atmosphere and a wholesome social life, many young

people marry or become engaged on the campus, and they nearly all are married in one of the temples of God.

Such is a day in Ann's life at the Brigham Young University. It can be multiplied by six thousand, for these are the routines and influences which affect that many young people at Brigham Young University every day. And the benefit does not end with them. The tens of thousands of students who have gone out from Brigham Young University carry this influence into their lives, their homes, and their wards.

THIS spirit has been characteristic of Brigham Young University training since the founding of the school in 1875, when Brigham Young requested Dr. Karl G. Maeser, a convert of the Church from Germany, to come to his office.

"Brother Maeser," said the President, "I have another mission for you. We have been considering the establishment of a Church school, and are looking around for a man—a man to take charge of it. You are the man, Brother Maeser. We want you to go to Provo to organize and conduct an academy to be established in the name of the Church—a Church school."

A few days later, Dr. Maeser called at the office of President Young, and said, "President Young, I am ready to go to Provo. What are my instructions?"

"Only this," replied the President, "I want you to remember that you ought not to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication tables without the spirit of God. That is all. God bless you. Goodbye."

Brother Maeser carried out the instructions faithfully, and the pattern has never been forgotten. Those words have been engraved in the minds of the Brigham Young University faculty since that humble beginning with twenty-nine students, and today that charge still stands as a guidepost. A striking example of this spirit was forcefully illustrated last year when, although corrupting influences pervaded national athletics, the Brigham Young University basketball team won the National Invitational Tournament championship at Madison Square Garden after the members of that team, as a group and in accordance with their traditions, had engaged in simple prayer—not to win but to do their best.

In many ways, Brigham Young University is a powerful missionary: (1) The ninety-seven per cent of the student body who are members of the Church gain spiritual strength to fortify themselves and their families and wards throughout life; (2) of the three per cent who come to the university as nonmembers, over twenty-five per cent have become converted to the gospel, and over seventy-five per cent have expressed their gratitude for the religious influence of the school; (3) the missionary classes conducted as part of the regular religion curriculum have prepared thousands of young men and women for calls to the mission field; and (4) the seven hundred returned missionaries on the campus continue in the missionary spirit by conducting meetings, assisting prospective missionaries, and continuing in missionary labors.

Courtesy, Public Relations Department
Brigham Young University

OPENING ASSEMBLY AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
Students from all over the world sit according to geographical groups, illustrating wide distribution throughout the Church.

AT Brigham Young University the Church has gathered outstanding authorities in the fields of science, business, art, letters, education, religion, and other humanities. It is, therefore, only natural and proper that the Church should turn to Brigham Young University for contributions from this group. And they respond in many ways, such as in the preparation of manuals and lesson books for auxiliary and Priesthood groups; the presentation of lectures and radio sermons; composition, arrangement, and performance of music; assistance in Church pageants, and speech arts; writing of magazine articles and books, and so on. The school, also, conducts Leadership Week every summer on the campus and in Canada, to give Church members the advantage of expert knowledge on many subjects for ward use, such as Book of Mormon Institute, Family Life Institute, genealogy training, courses for teachers, Relief Society work, Church Welfare practices, chapel maintenance, etc.

Because Brigham Young University is the *Church* university, it has become one of the phenomena of modern education. Last year, when most universities in the Nation were showing declines in enrollment, Brigham Young University showed increases as high as twenty-three per cent. This growth is, in large part, due to the growth of the Church, which is doubling in size every twenty-three years. More than one-half of the members of the Church now live outside the State of Utah, and, accordingly, just about half of the students at Brigham Young University come from outside the State. The per-

centage of students from outside the Church increases each year.

Brigham Young University, however, is growing at a rate much in excess of the rate of growth of the Church. This is because members of the Church are becoming better informed about the purpose, mission, and destiny of the school. The stake conference visits of members of our faculty at the invitation of the General Authorities have resulted in an increased realization that this is the Church university. This close tie-in with the Church has made the Brigham Young University student source just about coextensive with the geography of the Church, for the 6,216 students who attended Brigham Young University last year came from 192 of the 193 stakes. They also represent many missions, forty-seven states, and seventeen foreign countries.

This development is solid and healthy and is bound to continue. In constantly adding buildings, faculty, and subject matter, Brigham Young University is marching toward its destiny of becoming one of the world's great universities in secular learning, and the greatest university in the world in the training of young men and women as the children of God. Next year new departments will be added in nursing and engineering sciences.

THE newly appointed director of the School of Nursing is a Latter-day Saint woman who is acknowledged as one of the Nation's leaders in her field of nursing. There is such a great demand for nurses everywhere, especially in the twelve hospitals now maintained by the Church, that any girl graduating from the new College of Nursing will be assured of an excellent position at good compensation. And even if a graduate marries and resigns her position, her training as a nurse will make her a wiser mother and be of lasting benefit to her.

Also high in the plans of the Brigham Young University is a College of Family Living, which will be a pioneering movement in American Education. Because the Brigham Young University student body has forty-one per cent women, while most co-educational student bodies run about twenty-five per cent women, and because there are twenty-five per cent more L.D.S. girls in the Brigham Young University student body than in both of its sister institutions in Utah combined, one great emphasis of the school will be placed on family living. The college of that name will be centered in a new building which will house the Home Economics Department, Nursing, Psychology, Sociology, and related departments.

As this article is written, word has again been received that the members of the graduating classes of the Brigham Young University who graduated ten and twenty-five years ago, respectively, have more children per graduate than the graduates of any other American university. In this respect, the Brigham Young University has already achieved a national reputation, for this is a record that is repeated nearly every year. The new College of Family Living, housed in a new modern building, will aid greatly in preparing future Brigham

Young University graduates, both men and women (for this college will be for men as well as women), better to prepare themselves for future parenthood—so that their children will have the faith and well-earned fortune of their fathers.

Construction already has begun on a vast housing project which will be under the supervision of the College of Family Living, and which is aimed to assist in furthering the objectives of that College. It includes sixteen new dormitories, which will house nearly one thousand students. These will be apartment-type buildings in which the girls will plan and prepare their own meals, giving them practical household experience. The girls also will be supervised and will receive help from the Home Economics Department in home science. They can study, work, play, and conduct family prayer together.

Add this home training to religious foundation, schooling in the arts and sciences, and wholesome environment, and the influence of Brigham Young University in Church education looms tremendous. While such an expression is indefinite, so is the influence itself. No one can put his finger on any specific total of good that any institution accomplishes, because influence for good multiplies in geometric proportions. We know, simply, that it is contributing to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God, and that cause is worthy of our continued efforts.

Truly, Brigham Young University is the Church university its founders intended it to be. It is the creation of inspired leadership supported by the tithepayers of the Church. It is theirs, and they should look to it for the education of their children as eagerly as the devoted faculty of that institution seeks to serve those children.

Dispossessed

Blanche Sutherland

I called this garden spot my own,
Redeemed its soil once bleak and fallow,
Seeded and nursed it till, summer-grown,
It bloomed in larkspur, rose, and mallow.

But here I find a wild dove grieving
High in the trellis, a spider weaving
Its silver strands to bar my path;
Birds that rise in whirring wrath
At my approach. Here, at their will,
Bees and butterflies drink their fill,
While perfume breathed from bud and flower
Is spent by a careless wind each hour.

Dispossessed, yet its joy, its wonder
Are still my own and none denies,
Though wind and wing complete their plunder,
Only the night can rob my eyes.

Papa Took Us Fishing

Christie Lund Coles

PAPA wasn't an outdoor man. He was a thinker, I guess, for he was a lawyer and sometimes traveled as far as the county seat to plead his cases. He was always meticulously dressed, tweeds and worsteds during the week, and the most beautiful of black broadcloths for Sunday. You'd think by looking at him that he was a city-bred man, with his rather slender build, and his lean, handsome face; his large, hazel eyes framed by gold-rimmed glasses; and his black handlebar moustache, which he touched up with some delicately scented pomade.

Yet, he was reared in the country, and only went away for his schooling. Mama was from the city. She hadn't ever seen a cow until she came West. But she was the one who liked the outdoors. She took care of the flowers, the chickens, and the vegetable garden, as well as the strawberry and raspberry patches. That's how it goes, sometimes.

Still, when it came to knowing how to make a straight furrow, turn the water into the ditches, and prune the roses, it was Papa who could show her how to do the work, even though he didn't really like to do it himself.

I think he wanted to enjoy country outings more. For instance, every summer our neighbors, on either side of us, took fishing trips. Websters, east of us, had one of those new contraptions called an automobile, and they had even got as far as Yellowstone Park with it, and *back*. Libbys, across the street, had a Harley-Davidson motorcycle with a sidecar attached. It gave you goose pimples to watch them spinning around the corner, the sidecar leaning to the earth as though it were going to dash them out any minute. And at the unheard of speed of *twenty miles an hour*.

Then came that summer when Papa decided we were going to take a trip. Not a long trip, mind you, not up to see Grandma and Grandpa, as we did quite often, and *not* to the city, which was nothing new for us, because we got free passes on the train because Papa was the attorney, but a trip to the mountains. A fishing trip, to be exact!

When the neighbors heard about it they were all anxious to go along. Websters wanted to take their car, but Papa said he wouldn't be responsible for it going off the dugway up Rockcreek Canyon, even if it had gone to Yellowstone. I think Mr. Webster was offended, for he snorted and called Papa behind the times. Papa reminded him of the day he first drove his car downtown and kept yelling, "Whoa," and nothing happened.

Of course, Libbys couldn't take their motorcycle because the whole family wanted to go (three girls and a boy). We had three girls, too, and two uncles who lived with us, which, altogether, made quite a crowd.

PAPA and Mr. Libby got together and planned the trip carefully. Each one decided to rent a white-top wagon, as there was room between and under the seats for quite a lot of provisions. The top would shade us from the sun, if not from the wind and rain.

I won't soon forget how Papa and Jim and Willie packed provisions. They had everything from home-cured ham to radishes, and loads of Mama's buxom loaves of bread. But the thing Papa seemed most concerned about was salt. We had to have bags of it. When Mama asked him why all the salt, he explained, patiently, that the salt was to put the trout in until we got home. After all, hadn't he fished when he was a boy, didn't he know all about those things?

No one dared dispute him, nor wanted to, since it was all so heavenly exciting, going out after dark to find night crawlers on the lawn, putting them in tin cans of moist dirt; watching Mama put the lids on the big flour cans filled with food; and being unable to keep from laughing at Papa in bib-top overalls and a blue denim shirt topped by a farmer John straw hat.

And, most exciting of all, of course, was the day we left, being up before sunup, getting ready, running back and forth across the street to talk to our girl friends in breathless whispers while we waited for our fathers to come with the horses and wagons . . . .

We could hear the clomping of the horses' hooves on the red dirt road a block away, and it sounded like the cavalry that old Grandpa Libby told about in the Civil War. And it looked almost like that, too, in the half-darkness, for the one buggy had four horses pulling it, and the other one had two monstrous ones that were gray and white and might have been the ones that pulled the dray from the depot each afternoon. We ran back, squealing as they drew nearer, and the horses reared to a stubborn halt.

I soon saw that it was Papa's buggy that had the four horses, and two weren't really horses, they were small, adorable colts.

Mama protested about having the colts, but Papa raised his voice and said that was all he could get, and nothing was going to spoil this fishing trip after he'd worked so hard to plan it. So they began loading. All the salt went on the floor and my sister and I got to sit on it. It made a comfortable, if rather scratchy seat, though by noon I was so hot and dusty that I was actually tasting salt.

The men had planned it so that we wouldn't be too long riding in the hot sun, and we really weren't, for we reached the place and made camp by about two-thirty. Still, it wasn't as simple as that, believe me.

IN the first place, Mama said Papa was driving too fast, and he replied that he was just trying to keep up with old Libby who was trying to show off because he had once been a cow-poke, and was used to handling horses. In the second place, we reached the dugway. Just like that, we were on it. The horses didn't seem to know the difference and didn't want to

slow down when Papa pulled the reins. And, worst of all, one colt was so near the edge that it kept starting to slip off. Mama was a right good hand in the garden, but this was too much for her city sensitivity. She began to cry, to beg, to cajole. Papa, helpless to do anything about the situation except hold the team back, which he was doing to the best of his ability, became angry.

Then she became even angrier as she sat jolting on the seat, holding on with one hand, keeping her hat on her head with the other. Finally, she commanded him to stop and let her out, and said she would rather walk any day, and if he didn't stop, she would jump out, no matter what the consequences. She would. She even looked over the side as though she might be ready to attempt it.

Papa wrapped the reins around his fist, and the horses stopped. Mama, tears streaking her dusty face, climbed out. She reached into the back of the buggy and insisted that we three girls get out also. Jim, the youngest of the uncles, who was pretty pale around the gills, began to follow suit. I'll never forget how Papa (who was, ordinarily, the gentlest of men) turned on him, crying, "You sit down!"

He sat down, believe me, and away they went, lickety-split. The colt couldn't have fallen off if it had wanted to. There wasn't time.

We started to walk in the dusty, long road. When we had gone quite a distance, we saw Papa slowing down, saw him stop. He called back to ask if we wanted to ride. Mama merely shook her head.

Of course, all this was forgotten when we made camp. It was a beautiful spot, near the mountainside, which was covered with evergreens and aspens and different kinds of wild berries. We could hear the stream singing over the rocks; could see blue jays and many other kinds of birds weaving about overhead, chattering to us. Our camp, set amid a group of trees which almost formed a large room, was secluded and cool. To the side were other trees which formed other rooms, some of them small and so shut in even from the sky that they were cold and dark. Pine needles lay in deep carpeting on the ground, and there was the sigh of wind above us, sounding almost like distant choir music. My sisters and friends and I soon made one of these rooms our playhouse. We had stumps for tables and chairs. The grownups were busy unpacking, putting up Libby's tent.

AFTER we had all washed in the icy water, we were starving, so we ate ham fried over the campfire, fried potatoes, and corn boiled in a sooty-black kettle. Then, since it was dark and we were all tired, beds were made—and with what mounds of bedding! The one seat came out of our wagon, and quilts and pillows were spread in the bottom for Mama and us two younger girls. Sue, the eldest, and her friend, Ruth Libby, said they weren't afraid to sit on the ground nor sleep there either. So, still in their clothes, they curled up to-

gether. Papa and my two uncles slept together, and the Libbys divided themselves up likewise, Mrs. Libby and her two youngest in the tent.

The last thing I remembered was feeling secure and warm between Mama and Inez, though the air on my cheek was like little pricks of ice.

The next thing I knew I could hear voices. I rose up and could see a flashlight, and Papa and Mr. Libby leaning over a new campfire. It was so terribly dark that I was sure even they couldn't have thought it was morning.

Then I could hear Mrs. Libby crying, saying over and over, "I know I heard a bear, I know I did. He was right in the brush above here." And she had a gun in her hand!

Papa turned the flashlight up there, ran it across the hillside, but there was nothing to be seen except the heavy brush, which didn't seem so attractive now, and might be full of all kinds of dangers.

Mama decided to get up and said we might as well stay where we were and go to sleep, we were safe enough. I asked why she didn't stay there, too, then. I didn't feel safe since we were so near the hill, neither did Inez. We got our shoes and sweaters on and climbed out, making for the fire, which was blazing now, and sending out tongues of warmth to lick our faces. The logs we had sat on at suppertime were still there, so we all sat down, and that hour or two was something extra special to be remembered, to be savored, to be talked about all our lives.

When the fire had died down the night before, Papa and the other men had put some potatoes under the hot ashes, close to the ground, as they used to when they were boys, they said. Now, with long sticks, they dug them out. They were steaming hot and baked perfectly, till the skins were crisp and smelled like nothing else in the whole, wide world.

WE each had one on a tin plate. We buttered them with homemade golden butter from a crock, salted them, and ate. When we had finished, my uncle began playing his harmonica, and we all began to sing, "Memories," "On the Banks of the Wabash" (Papa's favorite), "In the Gloaming," and all the other songs we could remember.

After a little while, I think I fell asleep against Papa's shoulder. But I woke up again, in my bed, to see the sunlight dripping faintly through the trees, to hear them all preparing to go fishing. Mama came over and told me it was only six-thirty. She said I might as well sleep, but I begged to go with the men up the stream. Finally she consented, brushed and braided my hair, put two sweaters on me, and warned me to be careful.

Papa kissed her and said that I could bring some fish back for breakfast. She handed me a tin pail, and I started up the road holding my father's hand. Libby's boy, Sam, looked disgusted. He was an expert fisherman, and didn't want anybody around who might make a noise or frighten the fish away. He struck out ahead and went to a

different spot than the others. I don't think they missed him, but he did get more fish than the others.

Still, I remember running down the road with four or five silver speckled trout in my bucket. Mama slit them with a sharp knife, cleaned them, rolled them in flour and salt and pepper, and fried them. Some fishermen prefer the large lake trout, but I have heard others say that nothing quite compares to the fresh, mountain trout. At least that morning, I was sure nothing could be better.

We stayed three days. We hiked, waded, gathered chokecherries and wild currants. We spent hours lying in the sun—as the shade was too cool—hearing the music of the pines, smelling their matchless freshness.

The men fished in the mornings and evenings, dozed in the daytime or played kick-the-can or horseshoes with us. Of course, there were the usual near-accidents: Inez fell into a deep part of the stream, and Mama had to pull her out; Susan came very near to being shot by Sam, who was doing some target practice and didn't know she was on the other side of the stream.

All in all, it was simply a heavenly trip while it lasted. But our groceries were running out, and Papa had a case coming up before the court, so we all packed and got ready to go home.

Papa told Mama she was going to ride in the wagon because what difference did it make if she fell off a mountain or died of a sunstroke. She said she would try it, but if she really got scared she would have to do the same thing again. They both laughed, and Papa patted her affectionately.

Inez and I curled up on the bags of salt again (with a blanket over them) while Mama wondered if the grocer would take some of the salt back. Papa said you could bet he wouldn't ask him, even if the salt had to last us the rest of our lives. You see, Mr. Webster owned the store, and he would know by the salt how many fish we brought with us home.

How many! Inez and I giggled as he said that. Because, to be exact, we brought precisely none.

Today

Annie M. Ellsworth

It is today that I must try to live
As if tomorrow was not meant for me;
It is today that I must ever give
The finer things of life that are so free.

A friendly greeting and a smile may cheer
A sad and lonely heart along life's way.
Don't wait until the heavy skies are clear,
But give that treasured gift of love today.

"Procrastination is the thief of time!"
Don't think that on the morrow I will give;
Tomorrow may be but a dream sublime,
So I must scatter sunshine while I live.

Just give your smiles, your service, and your love
TODAY, that you may gather friendships true;
The blessing of a finer, richer life
In all its fulness will come back to you.

Hal Rumel

WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

Remembered Inspiration

Maud Miller Cook

Both desert and mesa vastness
Have beauty all their own,
But I miss the friendly nearness
Of the mountains I have known.
Their rugged forms brought courage,
Their snow-capped peaks brought peace;
Their silent grandeur—reverence
Bade faith and hope increase!

Their flaming colors in autumn,
Like beauties of the soul,
So rich in mellow memories
That mark life's closing scroll,
Gave warmth and blessed assurance,
That heights so won would light
The waning years with tranquility,
In tune with the infinite.

Real Estate

Luzelle S. Eliason

"THANK you, Mrs. Norbett, for showing us the house, but I doubt if it's what we really want. The kitchen is so small, and only one bath. But do call us if you list anything else in our price range. You know what we would like now."

Mrs. Lewis smiled her "just so" smile, and went out, followed by Mr. Lewis, echoing his wife's thank you.

Christie Norbett sighed as they closed the door of her small real estate office. She looked in relief at the clock on the wall. Almost five. Almost time to go home to the boys.

"Do call us when you find what we want," her thoughts went back over Mrs. Lewis' words. How can I ever find what they want, or what anyone wants? she thought. I'm so tired of looking at houses, showing houses to people who never find what they want. Of course, it must be my own fault. If I were any sort of saleswoman, I could make them believe they want what I have to sell. And, after all, that's all it amounts to. If you believe you want something, then you actually do. Perhaps she had gone to work too soon after all. Perhaps if she had waited longer, her grief might have been dulled a little more. But her folks and Ross' had been so sure that work was the thing that would help her, and perhaps it had. But she had no heart for it, no enthusiasm to give to it.

Ross, her husband, had died almost six months ago from injuries received in an automobile accident. His death had been the end of many things for her. All the meaning of life had been blotted out. For herself, it didn't matter. But there were the boys, Ross Jr. and Johnny. For their sakes, she must carry on. She must make a living for them, somehow. And their lives must not be devoid of hope and happiness, even though hers was. It was such a hopeless task. How can you give to someone that which you have lost yourself? And, especially, how could she do anything for them when she was forced to spend her days in an office or traveling about the city showing people houses all day, and sometimes even in the evening, since that was the only time some of her clients were free to look at real estate?

During the day the boys were in school. After school Ross took care of his brother until she was able to be home, and every now and then Mrs. Baker, her neighbor, looked in to see if they were all right.

The office had been her husband's, and he had done very well in the business, but Christie was certainly a failure at it. Suddenly she laid her head on her arms on the desk and sobbed. And when her sobs had quieted a little, she prayed. In low tones she prayed for help and guidance and strength to bear her burden. An inner peace came to her, as it had done

before, and she felt able to go home and face her boys.

SHE went into the small supply room and bathed her eyes. She powdered and combed her hair, trying to hum a little as she did so, to build up her spirits.

There was a gentle tapping on her office door, which at first she only half heard. Then it became more insistent. Well, when did my clients start knocking? she wondered, as she went quickly and opened the door.

An elderly man stood there, holding a worn felt hat in one hand. With the other he offered a gnarled and calloused handshake.

"How-do, Ma'am," he said in a friendly voice.

"How do you do, Sir? Won't you come in?"

"Thanks. I'll do that if you don't mind."

"Sit down, won't you?"

"Thanks," he said again. "My name's Burrows, Israel Burrows."

"Israel?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Quite a name, isn't it?"

"Unusual, Mr. Burrows. Can I help you?"

"I sure hope so, Mrs. . . . Norbett," he hesitated, glancing at her name on the open door.

She closed the door and took her place behind the desk.

"You have some property to sell, Mr. Burrows, or do you want to buy some?"

"Both, you might say." After a moment's hesitation, he continued, "I guess I got to sell my farm, and buy a house in town, on account of my wife's health. Maggie's failing, and the doctor says she needs to be in town for treatment."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Christie said. "I usually don't handle agricultural property. Just houses here in town. But since you want to buy a house, too . . . ."

She took a listing blank from her desk drawer and, with pen poised, asked Mr. Burrows to give her the necessary information. This done, and the blank properly filled out, Christie sat studying it, as Mr. Burrows talked on.

"It's a right pretty little place, Mrs. Norbett. About three miles out of Sperrydale. Sperrydale's not much of a town till you get to know it. Only about two hundred people there, but mighty fine people."

"But, Mr. Burrows, that's almost one hundred miles from here. I don't know. . . . "

She was afraid she shouldn't list the place. If she started taking out-of-town property, she would be away from the boys even more.

Mr. Burrows, however, was becoming eloquent in his description of the farm.

"A stream runs through?" She asked, making notes as he talked.

"Yep, comes right down from the mountains. Fish in it, too, trout. Plenty water for irrigation. Prettiest little farm you ever saw. Trees, chokecherry bushes, wild roses, most everything you can think of. Just a small farm, you understand. Raise just enough hay and grain to feed my stock, and maybe a little left over to sell. I sure hate to sell out, though. It's like losing part of the family."

He paused, and looked at her

with grave anxiety in his eyes, "Mrs. Norbett," he asked, "will you find me a buyer who'll love the place and take good care of it?"

Christie smiled reassuringly. "I'll surely try."

In the back of her mind a plan was forming. A day's outing for the boys. Just what they all needed. They would drive out to Sperrydale and see the farm. Just about have to, she thought. The old man is so sentimental about it, he probably isn't giving me an accurate description. And the boys will love seeing it.

* * * *

EARLY the next Saturday morning, Christie packed lunches, and the three of them left for Sperrydale. The boys were really excited. Besides having a whole day with Mom, they were going to a real farm. There had been a shower during the night, and the air was fresh and sweet. As they left the outskirts of the city, Ross insisted on rolling his window down to get the full benefit, even though the early morning chill was still much in evidence. Meeting his eyes, usually dark and solemn, but now shining with a quiet glow, she felt that they must have excursions like this more often. Johnny was bouncing about on the back seat, trying to see everything on all sides at once.

Christie drove leisurely, stopping occasionally when the boys wanted to see something, so it was ten o'clock when they reached Sperrydale, and were directed out to the Burrows farm. They passed several small farms, and one which they judged to be a large ranch. Ross was busy instructing young Johnny as to what was growing in each field as they went along. He had spent the preceding summer on an uncle's farm, and considered himself an authority.

When they arrived at the Burrows farm, Christie found herself thinking that perhaps Mr. Burrows hadn't exaggerated after all. It was an inviting place with a comfortable looking little house set among green trees. The stream was there, with willows and wild rose bushes growing along its banks, and the mountains rising loftily behind it. The farm buildings and yards were neat and well cared for.

Mr. Burrows showed them around the farm and saddled a gentle pony for the boys to ride. Then he took them to the house to meet Mrs. Burrows, who was a small, gentle lady, with her face etched with lines, many of them the imprint of courageously borne pain. She took them through the little house. Christie loved the old-fashioned kitchen with it's braided rugs and rockers, and studio couch. It was obviously where the old couple spent much of their time.

THE shining new electric range and oil heater looked quite out of place.

The Burrows insisted that they have lunch with them; but not wanting to add to Mrs. Burrows' burden, and, seeing disappointment mirrored in the boys' faces, Christie explained they had brought a picnic to eat. They promised to

come back to the house for cake and ice cream later.

"Gee, Mother, I guess this is the swellest place there is," said Johnny. "I'll find a place to eat," he cried running ahead, and down to the stream.

"He thinks he knows so much," said Ross, who would have liked to run too, but he was carrying the lunch, and felt very strongly about his place being beside his mother.

"A fish!" Johnny was shouting and running along the bank. "Hurry! I saw a fish!"

That was too much for Ross, who handed the lunch to his mother and ran to join Johnny.

"Aw, he probably imagined it," Ross said, as Christie reached them.

"He could have seen one," Christie explained. "Mr. Burrows says there are fish in the stream. But you have to be real quiet or you scare them away."

After they had eaten, the boys wanted to explore. Christie told them to go ahead but to stay close to the creek. That way they wouldn't get lost.

"Don't go too far, though," she said. "We must leave soon."

Christie cleared away the remains of the picnic and walked upstream. After a bit she sat down, and leaned against a tree. She listened to the quiet sounds around her, the gentle moving of the leaves, the rippling flow of the stream, an occasional call of a bird or strumming of an insect. She felt eased and quieted. I could stay here forever, she thought. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could?" she mused aloud. "It would be perfect for the boys, and we'd be together."

"But, how silly!" She brought herself up shortly. Running a farm wasn't a woman's job, what would they live on? But then—what were they going to live on anyhow? "I don't make enough in real estate to keep myself," Christie spoke aloud.

THE insurance money was still untouched, she reminded herself, but soon she would have to dip into it. It would be much better to invest it in property like this than to let it sift away for living expenses. She pulled a leaf from a low branch and smelled the fragrance of it.

What do farmers' widows do? Some of them must go on running farms. Meditatively she got up and called the boys. Their answer came back thin, but clear, so she knew they were not too far away. She shouted to them to start back, then quickly made her way to the farmhouse.

Mr. Burrows was sitting on the porch, so she joined him there.

"Maggie's taking a nap," he said. "Doctor's orders. Well, how do you like the place?"

"Wonderful," she sighed.

"You ought to buy it."

"Me? How would I run a farm?" She was startled that he should have sensed her thoughts.

"That oldest boy of yours would be a big help. You could raise chickens, have a garden. Milk cows. The boys could milk 'em. Milk truck calls here every day. School bus, too. Only three miles to grade school in Sperrydale, and fifteen miles to Halloway to high school. You'd probably have to hire a neighbor for the heaviest

(*Continued on page 567*)

Fisher Towers

Celia Luce

A NEW foot trail has opened up a wonderland for the people of the West, and for travelers into the canyon country. For years sightseers have been driving to Fisher Towers, and driving away again, not much impressed. The few who really went into the section came away full of tales of great beauty. But the trip took a full day or more and was full of danger and hardship all the way. So, much of the region remained hidden, though a road went to its very door.

Fisher Towers are about twenty-five miles up the river from the Moab bridge over the Colorado River in Eastern Utah. The road winds along the edge of the river with massive cliffs pushing in from both sides, and the great river and the tiny road pressed close together between them. At last the cliffs fall back and the road winds through Professor Valley, revealing towering figures grouped together around even taller monoliths, which seem to be lecturing to the audience of stone.

Side roads take off once in a while toward the distant high, blue crags of the LaSal Mountains. Then comes the road to Fisher Towers. It climbs for about a mile to an area of broken cliffs, and the first close view of the deep, narrow towerlike pinnacles. Here the road ends. The road has to end here, for the land ahead is so broken and twisted that even a foot trail was difficult to make.

We followed the trail and were amazed as we went around the first ledge. Ahead was a semicircular area where great cliffs climbed toward the sky. The cliffs were almost straight up and down, yet delicately carved like a great pattern of crinkle crepe cloth. Deep red clay had washed down over the monuments in a tapestry effect, creating a thousand patterns.

The trail follows the base of the great straight cliffs, going around the edge of the circular valley and on to the next circular valley. The first seems beautiful until you see the second, and it seems the most magnificent there could be until you see the third, and so it is until the end of the trail.

The tops of the cliffs are pointed and spired like the tops of great Gothic cathedrals, and again they change pattern with each change of view. One wall looks as high as a twenty-story building and narrows to about ten feet in thickness as it juts out to form the partition between two circular valleys. The great cliffs keep their crinkle crepe and tapestry pattern, though they change in form at every step. And the sky behind them turns deep blue in contrast with the deep red of the cliffs. It is a blue you see only when red cliffs stand out against the sky.

THE view below is as interesting as the view above. At the trail level there is a sharp change, and the circular valleys are filled with

Willard Luce

FISHER TOWERS

The slab at the left is ten feet wide at one end and not much wider in its entire length—the height of a twenty-story building.

strange, rounded, goblin shapes. Thin, long tongues of land reach out over the weird rounded forms in places, with the edges of these tongues of land eroded into rounded toadstool shapes, dropping away into canyons filled with more round, red forms.

Figures and silhouettes are everywhere. A Mexican sleeps under a wide sombrero; a pioneer mother has children clinging to her fluted hoop skirt. A Buddha sits in solemn contemplation next to a goblin face. A circle of braves writhe in a war dance around a frozen stone fire. A few more steps, and the change of viewpoint changes them all into other forms. And so it is as the trail goes on and on, gradually up and up. Then as you come back down the two miles of trail, the different viewpoint makes it all seem new again.

Beyond the round, red goblin figures is an even more wonderful view of Professor Valley, with the Colorado River small against the bluffs in the distance. In another direction you get occasional glimpses of Onion Creek, which drains the Fisher Tower region. Even from the distance the creek looks crystal clear, but its waters are poisonous, containing arsenic.

Fisher Towers were named after a homesteader who settled on Onion Creek. His farm is on up past the narrow twisting gorge which cuts

(*Continued on page 567*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

WOMAN'S WORK: What is it! When did it begin; when will it end? What is the object and ultimate reward? Our minds must travel back to the time when the earth was new and fresh and fair from the hands of its Creator. When man was placed upon it then woman was quickly by his side, herself the fairest of all and her influence was quickly felt for good or evil; but it was when mother Eve heard the cry of her firstborn . . . that woman's work really began.—Phebe C. Young

WELCOME

(Old Folks' Reunion at Payson, June 29, 1892)

Ye who bear the silver crown
Of a life complete with age,
Ye whom wisdom gives renown
By her long-life heritage;
Old folks everywhere held dear.
Filled with years three score and ten,
Welcome, yea thrice welcome here,
Honored guests of honored men.

LADIES SEMI-MONTHLY MEETING, 14th Ward: Counselor E. Stevenson said: "We can't live too near the Lord in these times, the good things we hear should be put into daily practice, we should cease to speak evil of one another, and learn the lesson of charity; be guarded in all our sayings, we know that our lives are full of trials" . . . . President Horne made closing remarks, exhorting the sisters to be faithful and diligent in all their duties, that they might receive the blessings promised.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY: Spain and America have been exchanging civilities on the occasion of the anniversary of Columbus setting sail from Palos on his voyage of discovery four hundred years ago on the third of August . . . . The day was celebrated in Spain with appropriate festivities . . . . The women of America cannot be too mindful of what they owe to that noble Queen, who so generously aided in the enterprise which has given to us . . . "this choice land above all other lands." It would seem as though the women of America ought to do something magnificently permanent to perpetuate the memory of this singularly estimable and heroic Queen . . . . But for Isabella's personality in the adventurous enterprise of Columbus he could never have set sail from Spain. . . . A woman's courage inspired Columbus to do and dare, all honor to Isabella—Editorial

OBSERVATION: Strictly, no two persons can see the same thing in the same way, for it can never happen that two persons have precisely the same groups of ideas relating to any subject. These depend on our past experience, on our education, on the belief of our times, on our various sects or parties, on our pet theories, our interests, and our desires. Did we but bear this in mind how many quarrels and disputes might be saved. How modest we should be in condemning, how careful in counseling.—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ANNE C. MILNE, Utah's oldest citizen, at 103 years, was crowned queen of the Old Folks Day celebration June 25, at Liberty Park, Salt Lake City.

MRS. RUTH MAY FOX, former president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, now ninety-eight years old, requested to write a song for the June conference, revised one that she had written two years ago, "In Triumph We Shall Sing." Professor Crawford Gates composed the music.

AT the biennial convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc., three women correspondents were presented by Judge Sarah T. Hughes, federation president, with a bronze medal and plaque, each bearing the inscription "Distinguished Service Award." One was Salt Lake's own Charlotte Knight, daughter of Mrs. Raymond S. Knight, correspondent for Collier's. The others were May Craig, representing a chain of New England papers, and Marguerite Higgins, of the New York Herald Tribune.

IN admitting girls to Vassar, one of the oldest and best-known colleges for women in the United States, all students accept work duty, turn about, such as distributing clean linen, setting tables, drying silverware, serving at message centers, acting as inspectors. This system makes possible a lower tuition. Freshman girls choose their roommates and also their rooms by lot. Some new dormitories are being built for co-operative living, housing, marketing, and meal preparation. For the first time in its history Vassar has a woman president, competent, charming Miss Sarah Blanding.

DR. FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK, now of Murray, Utah, ninety-two years old, is credited with being the first person to develop the use of recorded music in the public schools. She suggested a music-appreciation program for schools in 1911, and from then until 1937 (when she moved to Utah) was director of R.C.A. Victor's national department of music education. She is the only surviving member of the committee that founded the National Federation of Music Clubs in 1873 in Chicago.

FOR the first time in the 113 years' existence of the Connecticut State Board of Education, a woman, Mrs. William A. Hutton, has been elected chairman.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 AUGUST 1952 NO. 8

Present Day Need for Nurses

As there is nothing more productive of happiness than good health, nothing more uncertain than its possession, there can be no study pursued to better advantage than that which teaches how best to preserve and increase its properties. There is no calling of greater importance, or more becoming to a woman, old or young, than that of being a good nurse, since accidents will happen and sickness must occur while mortality lasts.

THUS was introduced an editorial in the *Woman's Exponent*, volume 2, June 1873, in which was set forth the great need for trained nurses in that early period in Utah, as well as the responsibility of Relief Society to encourage women to avail themselves of the existing nurse training opportunities.

Throughout its history, Relief Society has accepted, as an important aspect of its program of caring for the sick, the encouragement and recruitment of women for enrollment in nurse training classes. For a period of more than forty years, the society itself continuously sponsored nurse training classes, and at various periods of special need it has conducted intensive recruitment programs. While it places high value upon bedside nursing care given by faithful Relief Society women whose ministrations have been characterized by a spirit of loving service, great native ability, and nursing aptitude, it has always recognized the values accruing to the patient as well as to the nurse from training in this important field of service.

Today throughout the nation there exists an acute shortage of trained nurses, both practical and registered. The Advertising Council for the Committee on Careers in Nursing has this to say:

> Hospitals in almost every community are faced with a shortage of candidates for nursing, a need to maintain rigid standards of nursing care, and more demands upon their facilities. . . . While the total number of nurses has almost doubled since 1941, we must compare the increased demands for nursing care during the same period. Hospital admissions have almost doubled, births in hospitals more than tripled, and out-patient visitors nearly doubled.

This, together with the steadily increasing numbers of hospitals, the expanding health services of all kinds, the constantly increasing number of large urban communities with the specialized nursing needs, the drain upon our reservoir of nurses brought about by the critical and tragic conditions incident to war, all cry out for more trained nurses.

The seriousness of the situation causes us as Relief Society women, concerned with the care of the sick, to once more awaken to our responsibility to encourage women with natural qualifications, integrity of character, high moral standards,

and other eligibility requirements to enter training classes that will prepare them for one of the most dignified, needed, useful and satisfying careers for women—the nursing career.

Many communities have schools offering nurse training, both practical and registered. Our own Brigham Young University plans to open a school of nursing this fall where women may prepare themselves as registered nurses. (See article by President Ernest L. Wilkinson, page 499.)

Treatment of the sick has undergone tremendous changes in recent years. It demands ever-increasing numbers of women trained in meeting the exacting requirements of hospital life and sickroom ministrations. The training investments pay high dividends in benefits to humanity and personal rewards.

Relief Society officers and members, always concerned with the care of the sick, should acquaint themselves with the courses offered for both practical and registered nurse training in their own or nearby communities. (This information may be obtained through your state board of health.) Relief Society women everywhere might well encourage eligible women to enter this greatly needed humanitarian field of service.

—*B. S. S.*

* * * *

Affinity

Dorothy J. Roberts

You coaxed a beauty from the plain, drab loam,
From the brown bulb buried near your valley home.
You nurtured beauty to a flaming sheaf,
Its coral guarded by a sword-sharp leaf.

You fashioned beauty on a tall stem and thin
To answer a deep, urgent cry within.
Beauty was the glowing counterpart
Of a queenly loveliness within your heart.

Beauty was your bread, the succor for your need,
And your call was answered in a flower seed;
You wakened beauty with a sharpened hoe
And knew the rapture that creators know.

Somewhere within, a dream of beauty dwelt.
You strove to realize it as you knelt
Above your garden through the sun-hot hours
And traced its image in a bed of flowers.

Adventure in Glass

III—The Art of Glassmaking

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THERE are many recipes for making glass, especially today when glass is used for so many and varied purposes, but certain ingredients are essential. Silica (usually in the form of sand) is the chief ingredient. In fact, a very beautiful glass can be made of pure silica, but since silica needs to be heated to very high temperatures in order to soften it so that it can be "worked" into various shapes, certain alkalies, such as lime, soda, potash, and lead, are added. These act as a flux and lower the temperature at which this fusion of the materials takes place.

Tints of greens and ambers, resulting from metallic impurities present in the natural sands, are sometimes neutralized by adding arsenic or manganese in the same way that blueing is used in our laundry process. The term "metal" refers to the glass in either its molten or hard state.

Basic Kinds of Glass

Green glass (common bottle glass) refers to glass in its natural color, neither made colorless nor artificially colored, and is usually made from less pure materials. It is therefore of a green or amber tint and was undoubtedly the first glass produced in America, as elsewhere. While green glass was definitely the metal for bottles and flasks and windowpanes, household utensils were frequently fashioned from it. As techniques developed, more careful selection of raw materials and greater control of impurities resulted in regulating the type and quality of glass produced.

A clear metal, used in most European glasshouses and in some American manufactories, was made with soda and lime as its alkalies and was called soda-lime glass.

Flint glass, probably so called because in early days burnt flints were used as silica in its making, is clear glass made with lead as the fusing agent, and the perfecting of this glass is credited to England, although it was not a sudden discovery. Flint glass and lead glass are, therefore, the same metal, and the terms are used interchangeably. Flint glass has more brilliance than soda-lime glass and, because of its softness, is more adapted to decoration by copper wheel engraving and wheel cutting. Our finest glass was blown or pressed from this type of metal.

Methods of Making Glassware

In ancient times hollow vessels of glass were made by winding overlapping threads of molten glass about a core, and when they had congealed, removing the core, which was a slow and laborious process.

After the invention of the blowpipe, glass was blown into a hollow

Hal Rumel

GLASS BLOWER HANS YLST, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, SHAPES A BOWL

bubble by human breath and then shaped by simple tools into various forms. The process of making glass by hand requires imagination and skilled craftsmanship, and the techniques involved have remained essentially the same through the centuries.

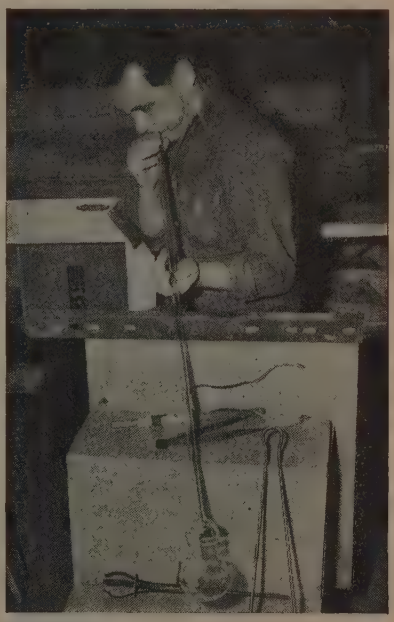
In early days, the decision regarding quality and amount of ingredients to be used rested with the superintendent of the glasshouse, who was usually an expert glass blower and was called the *gaffer*. The center of interest in the glasshouse was the furnace. Small factories usually had but one furnace, but as business grew more were added, some factories having as many as five. These furnaces accommodated from six to ten clay pots in which the metal was heated. Wood was the first fuel to be used, and was eventually replaced by coal, and more recently by gas.

The making of the clay pots in which the metal was heated offered one of the greatest problems confronting our early glassmakers. These huge clay pots often required as long as two years for making and seasoning, while their average life span was from six to ten weeks.

Handblown Method

The blowing of a single article usually required the co-operation of several workmen, and although methods no doubt varied slightly in different glasshouses, the procedure was essentially the same.

The master blower (gaffer) did most of his work seated in a chair which was equipped with flat iron arms. An assistant would take up a quantity of the molten glass on



Hal Rumel

MR. YLST WORKING WITH BLOWPIPE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

THREE-MOLD DECANTER
(American—1810-1815)

the end of an iron blowpipe, which he rolled back and forth on an iron-topped table called the *marver*. He then handed the blowpipe to the gaffer who, by swinging and blowing, inflated the *gather* to the approximate size and shape desired. At this point a second helper approached with a small glob of hot glass on the end of a solid rod called the *pontil* or *punty rod*, which he attached to the bottom of the blown article. The blowpipe was removed with a sharp rap and the opening or lip was reheated and made very smooth. With a few simple tools, the gaffer manipulated the glass into its finished form, adding handles or feet or covers as needed.

A rough scar was left on the bottom of the blown article when the pontil rod was removed, and this was, until reproductions made it unreliable, used to identify some kinds of old glass. The glass article, still hot, was left for a day or more in a long annealing oven where it was carried through gradually diminishing temperatures until it could be taken into the open air.

Blown-Molded Glass

Glass that was blown into molds was called *blown-molded glass*. In molding, the gather was lowered into the mold and then inflated until it had filled every crevice of the mold. For some objects, the mold was made in one part (dip mold), but, sometimes, to avoid marring the pattern when the soft glass was removed, the mold was an open and shut device, composed of two, three, or more parts. Some molds were full size, others were part size and were used to give pattern impression only. When the glass was removed, it was expanded by further blowing.

Three-mold glass is one of the few types of glass that can, with a degree of certainty, be called American. Because it was blown into hinged molds that opened out in three sections to allow the glass to be safely removed, the product is called *three-mold glass*. Slight ridges or seam marks may be seen on the finished piece. An authority on glass of this period states that such seam marks have significance on blown glass only, never on pressed ware, and that even when the molds were made in two or four parts, glass of this category so made is still called *three-mold*.

Pressed Ware

The pressing machine, as we know it today, was an American in-

vention by which glass was actually squeezed into shape in molds. At first, the pressing machine was hand operated, but pressing has been entirely mechanized in modern times.

Types of Decoration

Engraving was accomplished by holding the glass article against a small spindle or copper wheel over which a stream of oil and emery powder was pouring. Cutting was a similar process, but used a larger wheel, and sand and water. Both these processes require patience and dexterity.

Enameling refers to a process of painting on glass, the work being finished by firing.

Individuality naturally accompanied the work of craftsmen who were not restricted by mechanical devices and requirements. The importance of this original expression was illustrated in the wares of our early American bottle and window-glass houses.

Early American Bottle and Window Glasshouses

Before the invention of the pressing machine, very little of the flint glass produced in this country could be called typically American. Perhaps this was because so many of our early glass blowers were imported, and our glassware therefore reflected the influence of Britain and the Continent. But there were some expressions of originality and these developments were not to be found in the large flint-glasshouses but in the small country factories where bottles and windowpanes were made. In fact, these bottle-glass factories figured very prominently in the early nineteenth century, since bottles were among our most important glass items until 1860, the old hand methods being largely used in their making. The output of these small glasshouses invariably included wine and medicine bottles, ink wells, snuff and blacking bottles, and demijohns.

It is interesting to know that glass for windowpanes (called bull's eyes or roundels) was, at this early period, blown into large bubbles which were sheared from the blowpipe and flattened on the floor of the glasshouse. There was usually a scar or swirl in the center of the metal where it had been attached to the blowpipe.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

PATTERN MOLDED SUGAR BOWL
AMERICAN—STIEGEL TYPE
(Probably 18th Century)

Metropolitan Museum of Art

TYPICAL AMERICAN COMMEMORATIVE FLASKS—19th Century

Historical and Pictorial Bottles

Between 1820 and 1860, vast numbers of interesting pictorial and historical bottles were put out by these factories. These are as truly American as anything we have in blown glass. Made in two-part molds, these early bottles were finished for smoothness at the opening by reheating. Flasks from the Eastern houses were usually natural greens and amber, but Western flasks sparkled with artificial hues of green, blue, or amethyst.

On these flasks we have pictured the history of a young and growing Nation, its industrial development and many political events and celebrities—both native and foreign. Motifs such as the American eagle, the head of Washington, and agricultural symbols were favorites. Interesting flasks of irregular shape bore inscriptions such as this one from the Kensington, Pennsylvania, factory: "I Have Endeavored to Do My Duty." Another, from Baltimore, read, "Corn for the World." These flasks, some of them of expanded sunburst design, and in a wide range of colors, make interesting objects for the collector. The Pitkin works at Manchester, Connecticut, is credited with producing a flask with a swirled ribbing which was called the *Pitkin flask*. Daisy motif bottles are of Stiegel origin.

Even more interesting than the regular output of these glasshouses were the wares individually created by the glass blowers for their own families or for presentation gifts.

Lily-Pad Decoration

A type of decoration which originated in the South Jersey glasshouses, probably in the days of Wistar, was produced by the lily-pad technique. The effect was achieved when an article which was being blown was dipped into a second gather of hot metal and then

was tooled by hand into a curved design resembling a lily pad. Many specimens of this technique appear in our museums. Threading around the necks was also characteristic. From New Jersey the migrant glass blowers went to New York State where they continued to practice these same techniques. In fact, this type of work reached its peak in the New York window glasshouses, although the Stoddard factory in New Hampshire produced some interesting lily-pad articles.

A bi-color effect was, sometime later, obtained by fusing threads of one color in trailing loops or striations upon the solid background color.

Connoisseurs of the quality of glass agree that the best expression of art in glass is in the manipulation of the material, without extraneous decoration. Glass used as its own ornamentation is illustrated in the fashioning of the fine Venetian ware, and in certain traditional American forms, such as the lily-pad technique. These have no need for embellishment by cutting or enameling.

A continuance of the Stiegel tradition of pattern molding is illustrated in the early glass of the Midwest. In addition to the glasshouses of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, factories flourished in Ohio soon after the land was settled. The products from such works as Mantua and Zanesville followed their Stiegel prototypes, although some changes evolved. In general, articles were larger. Sugar bowls often had no base or feet; the covers fit inside a flange and were domed or double-domed. Pattern molds were used with skill. Sometimes a ribbed impression was swirled, or blown into another mold to give a second impression, or was expanded by further blowing. This technique appeared in the thinnest of flint glass and produced very interesting effects. Colors were principally ambers and greens, beautiful ambers in nearly every shade from deep brown to golden or honey tones being used.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

GREEN PICTURE—SOUTH JERSEY TYPE
With threaded neck and lily-pad decoration
(American—circa 1800)

Sugar bowls, creamers, pans, and compotes, many of which were thin blown and molded, exhibit so much ingenuity and skill of manipulation that they rank with the finest art of glassmaking and are given highest rank in the whole range of early American glass manufacture. They were the expression of glass men who had been trained in our own country and understood its needs.

A Prairie Breeze, A Prairie Fire

Agnes C. Beebe

THE July sun baked my shoulders. It was too hot to continue weeding, and the children might be awake, so I closed the garden gate and walked to the house, my big straw hat in my hand. A strong wind waved the washing on the line, a hot breeze, but it fanned my face.

I looked toward the east for my husband, Bob, who should be getting home soon from his fifty-mile trip to town. There was no sign of a car on the road winding down through the hills to the ranch, but as my glance followed the broken skyline I saw a small spiral of smoke. It was directly northeast, and there wasn't a building in that direction for miles. My heart gave a frightened lurch. It must be a prairie fire!

The washing flapped ominously. A wind, a hot day, and a prairie fire, a bad combination. Our buildings, on the creek bottom, were entirely surrounded by hills and buttes. I couldn't see the fire nor tell just where it was, but ten years on the prairie had taught me that fire of any kind leaves no time to ponder.

I ran to the telephone and called my nearest neighbor, two miles east. Perhaps from her home on the open flat she could see the fire. No one answered. Even the usual eavesdroppers were absent. We were the last on the line, and the next phone was five miles south. I decided to find out how much help was needed before I called farmers out of the field.

Johnny, our hired man, was working with the combine crew four miles east. There would be plenty of help there. I hustled Sonny and Sister into coveralls. By the time we reached the old Ford pickup, Sonny, with the mop pail, Sister, dragging old gunny sacks, and I, with two empty milk cans, the smoke was rising in a small cloud and drifting north in the wind.

I stopped at the flowing well to fill the cans. What else did I need for fighting a prairie fire? Oh, yes! I ran to the coal shed for a couple of shovels. Then we drove east, the children excited at the unexpected ride.

The ranch building was surrounded by pasture, except for some small alfalfa fields, the grass well eaten down, but green for that time of year. Even if the wind changed and the fire came into the pasture it wouldn't make much headway. But it had been a rainy spring, and the open land, that was neither cropped nor pastured, had at least two feet of dry prairie grass.

Whenever I came to a break in the hills on my left I could see the smoke, but I couldn't tell the exact location until I reached the flat, open country. The fire was not more than a mile north of the road, the red flames reached savagely toward the black clouds of smoke. I turned toward it on an old trail and saw a team and wagon near the burned prairie. Thank goodness, someone else was there.

The blaze was headed northwest,

but it had not covered many acres. I must have seen the first spiral of smoke. The rest of that section was prairie, but the surrounding sections were cultivated fields, some of our own among them. There were no dwellings, just a few old shacks that occasionally were used for grain storage.

"A bonfire!" Sonny shrieked, and Sister clapped her hands and squealed.

Any possible fire fighters were hidden by the heavy smoke, but I noticed a big truck coming in from the east. We reached the fire together. In it were the men from the combine, and Johnny came over at once.

"Do you know how it started?" I asked.

"BIG Ole, a newcomer to this community, was getting gravel from that old pit over there and emptied his pipe," he answered. "It was just lucky the Walser kid was riding by, and Ole sent him for help."

"It can't do much damage, can it?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't know," began Johnny, "The wind . . . ."

Even as he mentioned it, there came a gust that sent the smoke whirling upward, and with it a shower of sparks.

"Johnny, it's going toward the wheat field!" That was Jim Johnson yelling. And the wheat field was *ours*.

Jim was an early homesteader, a veteran of many prairie fires. He took charge immediately. Turning to me, he ordered, "Miz Benz, take Johnny home for the tractor and plows."

Then he said to his son, "Harry, take the truck and get Sandy Henrickson. He was summer fallowing over on the southwest quarter of thirty-three this morning."

There came another whirlwind, billowing the smoke back toward us. We were all coughing, and the little ones wiped their eyes as Jim and Johnny unloaded the cans, sacks, and shovels. Jim's final instructions, as Johnny took my place behind the wheel, were: "Call the store at Butte Center, Miz Benz, and bring some more water."

Harry rumbled away to the north, and we rattled westward. I didn't know the old Ford had that much speed, nor did I suppose Johnny would ever drive so fast. Johnny was valuable help, honest, dependable, but up to now he had never been hurried. He talked slowly and never unnecessarily. I was startled when he said, "'Twould be too bad to lose that section of wheat, Mrs. Benz."

Johnny was right. We had probably had as good yields in previous years, but we certainly never had had a better looking stand. It was tall and heavy from the early summer rains, and it was ready to harvest. Fire would sweep through it as through tall, dry grass. Our only cash crop would disappear completely. We depended on the wheat for our running expenses, and we were trying desperately hard to build up our herd of cattle. If we lost the wheat we might be forced to sell cattle we needed to keep.

At the ranch Johnny put gas in

the tractor and hitched on the plow while I searched for more cans. With beef cattle, we had little need for milk cans, but I located four more and brought some big jars from the root cellar for filling with drinking water.

Old Mrs. Hacker was alone at the store when I rang. She couldn't drive a car, but she promised to send the first passer-by for help. When I reached the well Johnny was a half mile up the north road. I wondered why he went north on a mere trail instead of east by the graded road.

When I returned there were five cars and a truck parked near Ole's wagon. The fire had burned eighty rods into the field, leaving a black swath through the yellow wheat. I could see a dozen men fighting along the sides and, as the smoke occasionally lifted, more men further ahead. And, I could also see the outline of a small building. How could I have forgotten that old tar-paper shack on the Higgins homestead, now the only building left on that section, and right in the path of the flames?

IT had been empty for years, but just the week before Sandy Henrickson had asked if a transient worker he had hired in town could move his family there. I didn't even know the family's name, but only yesterday Bob had mentioned they were there when he looked at the grain. The man would be at work. Had the woman realized the danger when she saw the smoke and taken her children to safety?

Old Mr. Wood, Jim's father-in-law, had been left at the rear with sacks and a shovel to watch for stray sparks. Perspiration made gray lines down his blackened face. The acrid fumes from the still hot, burned wheat started us coughing again, but when I reached him I managed to blurt out, "Those people! Did someone see that they got out?"

Mr. Wood held his hand to his ear. He had not heard and I had to shout. "That man who works for Sandy Henrickson! His wife and children! They live there in that shack. Did someone get them out?"

"I didn't know there was anyone there, Miz Benz. You better find Jim. He went on that side." He waved his hand toward the east side of the fire.

I forgot to see if Mr. Wood's sacks were dry. I was on my way to find Jim. The smoke grew heavier as we went along the edge of the blaze. Our red eyes watered. Sister asked for a handkerchief, but I couldn't take my hands off the wheel to help her. All three of us were coughing.

As we bumped across the field, Hank Miller and Bill Nielsen, sweat pouring from their red faces and bodies, hailed me. They took off a can of water, had a drink, and called to the men nearest them, Bob Erickson from up north on the river, and a man I didn't know. By their clothes, they must have been on their way home from town when they stopped to help. I wondered how the men could talk. The three of us in the car were almost choking.

Again I inquired between coughs, "Those folks that are living in the

shack, the man who works for Sandy? Did they get out all right?"

"Well, now," said Hank, "I'd forgot about them. They sure must have seen the fire, though, and gotten out. Nils just took the empty cans to the old well up there, but you'd better find Jim. He's got my car. But don't try to go around that end of the fire."

I drove just near enough the next fighters to be certain Hank's car was not there. The water could wait. I had to find Jim first of all.

Although the wind was still strong enough to fan the fire and it had burned a mile and a half, the men had kept it in a narrow strip. If only it wasn't headed toward the shack!

Sister was sniffling, and Sonny kept saying, "I don't like the smoke, Mommie, I don't like it."

I still hadn't found Jim when I met Harry, with several others in the truck. Not far behind was Sandy on his tractor. Directly east of the house I turned and followed Harry toward it.

Then I saw Johnnie and realized why he had taken the north road. He not only had saved two miles, but had reached the fire where he could head it off. He had remembered the shack! He was plowing two large circles around it and must have made several laps by the width of the brown lines.

A woman and several small children stood close to the house. As the Johnson truck reached Johnnie's plowed strip, a tall stranger, followed by Harry and two Henrickson boys, jumped out. The three young men hurried the children to the truck. Harry waited for the man and woman, who came running from the shack, their arms full of belongings, before he backed the truck away from any fire danger.

I saw Harry and the man hurry back to help the Henrickson boys, who were firing the wheat and grass between the plowed circles. Suddenly I was very shaky, but it didn't matter. There was no longer any need to find Jim. The prairie fire was stopped!

Of My Own Asking

Iris W. Schow

Why does a dash of spray or a salt breeze
Become an invitation, luring me?
What is this longing for a heaving deck
I feel each time I watch a ship at sea?

Is it a reckless remnant in my blood
From some old salt who laughed at Neptune's frown?
Or is it just a wistful heritage
Ancestral stay-at-homes have handed down?

How to Renew an Old Suit

Thalia Black

Frayed Sleeves

When the ends of coat sleeves begin to fray, cut the lining loose at the cuff, turn the end of the sleeve wrong-side-out, and sew a seam around the sleeve with the sewing machine. Make the seam straight and deep enough to take in all the weakened material. Turn it right side out and baste. Sew the lining back by hand.

The seam will be at the very end of the sleeve, and will never be noticed.

Worn Cuffs

When the cuffs of pants show wear, let them out straight, using a razor blade to cut the stitches. Put a piece of similar material under the worn place and darn with the sewing machine, using matching thread. Sew cuffs back into place.

A Three-Cornered Tear

Use a small needle, and thread that matches the material. Darn back and forth by hand, working into the material for one inch around the hole on all sides. Work on the right side of the material, but keep the stitches on the wrong side and do not bring them clear through the material. At first darn loosely and far apart, to pull the tear together in the right place to conform with the pattern of the material. Go back over it several times.

To finish, use a running stitch, catching first one side and then the other; tuck under any frayed edges that have been missed in the darning. Use small stitches and pull together very tightly.

This kind of repair must be done slowly and with patience, but can scarcely be seen when completed.

Reinforcing the Seat

Before a hole is worn through, turn the pants wrong-side-out and cut a pattern from newspaper, following the lines of the pants. Cut two pieces, using rayon or cotton material of a color similar to the color of the pants.

Baste into place.

Sew to the seam of the pants with the machine. Sew around the edges by hand, using very small stitches.

Half-Pockets

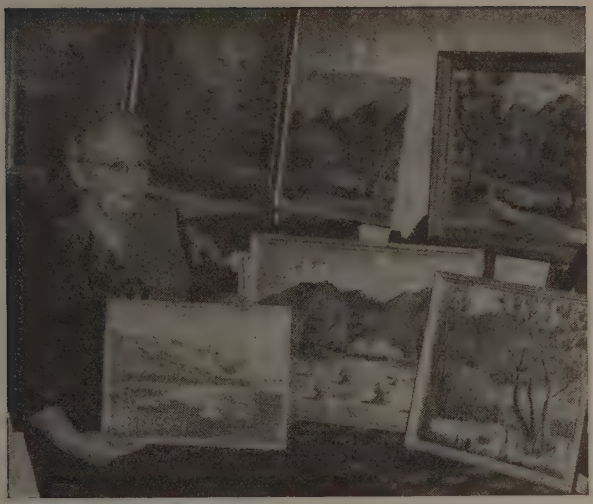
Use heavy, unbleached muslin, or a flour sack will do. Cut the pocket off one-half inch below where it is sewed to the suit to allow for a seam. Duplicate the piece that is cut off, and sew into place, using a felled seam to make a smooth job inside the pocket.

Frayed Pockets

Use material from underneath pants cuff. Cut about one inch wide and as long as the opening at the top of the pocket, allowing enough to turn under at the ends. Put on the same as any other binding, making it fit snugly.

The material in the binding will run the opposite way from the material in the suit, but will never be noticed in so small an area.

As each repair job is completed, steam with a medium hot iron, through a damp cloth.



Photograph, Courtesy Myrtle Janson

A Paint-Brush Hobby

Lillian Bunker Corry, Cedar City, Utah, and Some of Her Oil Paintings

Mrs. Lillian Bunker Corry, proprietor of "Lillian's Toy and Gift Shop," is a woman of many talents and much ambition, to which she adds hard work and enthusiasm. However, she gives her sister credit for her decision to try her hand at oil painting. "My sister, Ethel B. Miner, is responsible for my hobby. She is very good at painting herself. For Christmas one year she gave me my first outfit—paint, easel, pallet, brushes, and board, and she said to me: 'Now, Lillian, you've got to start painting.' Just for fun one day I got the paints out and began to work on a snow scene—my first effort in oil." Since then she has studied with several eminent Utah artists—Oliver Parsons, Glen Turner, and George S. Dibble. She is a member of the Springville Art Guild and the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts.

Mrs. Corry has been a widow for twenty years, courageously meeting the problem of rearing and educating three sons. For thirteen years she was librarian at the Cedar City Carnegie Public Library. She has studied the pipe organ and has been organist and social science teacher in Relief Society. "Somehow, I can't do things by halves," she says. "I'm very happy with my little shop, even though I did have to sell my beloved piano and my car to start the business." Mrs. Corry believes that being busy makes for happiness. Someone complained to her recently that there are no opportunities for "oldsters," to which she replied, with vigor: "I have more planned than I could possibly do in two lifetimes. The world is full of opportunities for anyone at any age!"

A Time to Forget

Chapter 2

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works as a secretary in San Francisco, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Being worried over her future, and lonely, she decides to take her vacation early and visit her cousin Harriett Lester in San Vincente Valley. Before leaving, however, a neighbor of Harriett's, Mrs. Hale, telephones that Harriett and her husband have died within a few hours of each other. Serena attends their funeral and is surprised to learn that their walnut farm has been left to her. Mrs. Hale takes Serena to see the property, and there she meets Jeff Landeau and his son who regard her as an intruder.

THE man lifted his broad-brimmed hat. He was dressed in working clothes, but his boots of fine leather were polished and he was clean-shaven.

"I've been looking after the Lester place," he said in a smooth, deep voice, keeping his eyes carefully leveled on Serena. "Are you Mrs. Lester's niece?"

"Mrs. Lester was my mother's cousin." She felt as if she were saying it in self-defense. She had never seen this man before and yet he seemed to dislike her.

The man turned his gaze toward the orchard. "You have a good thing." His tone was almost curt.

"I know that far better than anyone else." She tried to keep her irritation at his manner from showing.

He turned back to Serena. "Excuse me," he said and smiled. His smile was sweet, and Serena wondered if she had been wrong. "I'm Jeff Landeau, and this is my son David."

"Oh, you own the big orchard next to mine, and you know a great deal about walnuts." She extended her hand, smiling up at him. It might be that he resented a stranger taking possession of the land. Country people could be like that.

He took her hand and for a brief moment their eyes met. Then he dropped her hand. "I don't know about that," he said, dismissing any further small talk. "I stopped by this afternoon to finish levelling the orchard. I don't know what your plans are for the orchard, but if you don't mind, I'd like to finish the job today."

Without waiting for her answer he started across the driveway, followed by the silent boy.

Serena stretched out her hand in quick protest. "Can't you stop a moment?" She was aware of a pleading note in her voice and tried to be more matter-of-fact. "I haven't any plans, Mr. Landeau. Until a few hours ago I had no idea this land would be mine. I'd appreciate it if you could take time to give me a little advice."

The man and the boy stopped, waiting. For a minute, when she suggested that they go around front to the lawn chairs, she thought he would refuse. But he walked behind her to the front lawn. They sat facing each other, the sun warm on Serena's back. He looked at her, still waiting.

Because it was so hard to begin, she hesitated, twisting her handkerchief in her hands.

"What do you intend to do first?" he asked kindly, breaking the silence.

"I have a job in San Francisco. I told Mr. Green, my employer, I'd be back in the morning. I thought I'd go back tonight, then come out Friday night and get acquainted with the place over the week end."

JEFF Landeau scuffed the grass impatiently with his polished boot. "This lawn hasn't been watered for four or five days," he said, with a sharp edge to his voice. "In this weather it will be brown by Saturday, and you could lose a lot of your flowers." He stood up, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "You wouldn't notice it, living in San Francisco, but we've had no rain to speak of since the latter part of March, and the ground is parched, though it is still May."

It was as if he blamed Serena for the rains not coming. She did not rise with him. "I haven't had time to think it over, Mr. Landeau, but I can telephone Mr. Green to say I won't be back until Monday."

"Do you intend to run this place on your week ends?" His tone implied that she might be that foolish.

"No," Serena said quickly, her face hot. "I know it can't be done on week ends. I'll commute to work like other people do." She knew now, as she said the words, that she would live in the house. "I can water the grounds night and morning and over the week ends, but I don't know what to do about the orchard." She rose to her feet, her eyes grave. "Do you think a woman could take care of it?"

"There's a woman in the valley across the mountain who runs an orchard, but she's not exactly your type." Jeff Landeau's mouth did not change, but his eyes were smiling.

"What is my type, Mr. Landeau?" Now Serena's voice had an edge.

The smile that had begun in his eyes spread over his face. He looked amused. "I wouldn't know that right off," he answered, his eyes noting her expensive gabardine suit, her high-heeled pumps, and her sheer stockings. "She's a big woman, would make two of you. And she's got a man's drive."

Serena laughed. "I don't expect to get much heavier, working two shifts, but I might develop more drive."

"That's up to you," he answered, his face serious again. "George used to do the cultivating with an old tractor he has. He saved a lot of money that way. I did the pruning and managed the harvest, until the last two years, when I've done everything, cultivating, dusting, and harvesting."

SHE was silent, trying to envision the work of the orchard.

As if he read her mind, he reached to a walnut branch overhanging the lawn and plucked a leaf. "I wonder if you're one of those persons who think all there is to a walnut orchard is just going out and picking up the nuts? If you are, you have a surprise coming."

She was really angry now. "I

know better than that, Mr. Landeau," she said, biting her words in quick succession, "but I still don't know what it takes to run an orchard."

The hardness went out of his face. He looked kind, even gentle. "I don't expect you do at that. You'll learn as the seasons come around. That's how I learned it."

"I can't wait too long," she told him, feeling the urgency of her need. "I must know if it's possible for me to live off this land. That will determine my plan."

He scrutinized her again, as if he were estimating the cost of her smart clothes. "That's hard to say," he said slowly. "If you could do all your own work, except the harvesting, and you can't, because you haven't enough equipment—this amount of acreage doesn't warrant buying it—you might make a go of it." His eyes left her and went directly to the orchard.

"There are so many things to consider. We've had good prices for a long time now, but this year they are taking quite a tumble. And there's the weather. We never know what it will do to the harvest. This year's crop isn't large." He turned, looking her squarely in the eyes. "I'd say if you have a job you'd better keep it for a year or two. Then you can tell."

Serena watched him turn towards the car. She waited, feeling he was not finished. By the car he paused.

"It's a long way out here to commute, and you have a full-time job in town. Have you thought of renting your orchard? You'd get a share of the profits and your house would bring a good rent."

"Oh, no!" She was fiercely intent. "I intend to live here. I'll keep my work in the city as long as necessary." A happy thought came to her. "Maybe I could find something to do in Meadtown or Valley Oaks."

"That would simplify things for you." Jeff Landeau whistled to the boy, who was climbing the oak tree on the far side of the lawn. "When I get the orchard dragged, there won't be much more to do until harvest—just cultivate a little more and count the aphids, and when there're too many, dust." He put on his hat and got into the car. "You'll have time to get acquainted and you can decide then what help you need." His foot was on the starter.

SERENA'S hands went out in an unconsciously appealing gesture. "If you don't mind, Mr. Landeau, I wish you would continue with the orchard. We can talk terms when we both have more time."

He said nothing, only nodded, and drove his pickup to the lower yard. Serena watched him leave the car and walk to his tractor, midway in the orchard. She wondered if she had done right to ask him to continue with the maintenance. The man plainly didn't think too well of her. He might dislike women in general. She felt sorry for his wife.

Sighing, because all of a sudden she felt tired, she went in to place a call for Mr. Green.

After Mr. Green's startled congratulations on Serena's becoming a property owner, she decided she would start work by watering the

lawn. The day was warm for May, and her gabardine suit felt hot and sticky, her pumps tight. In a closet she found a short-sleeved cotton dress and low-heeled shoes, a size too large. There was a yellow plastic hose fastened to a hydrant by the front steps. She began to sprinkle the lawn.

It will take forever, she thought, looking at the wide expanse of lawns and flower beds. She remembered what Jeff Landeau had said of the dry spring. Would there be enough water in the well? She prodded about the flowers. The soil was hard and dry. Busily she moved the hose back and forth, barely penetrating the top of the soil in her eagerness to spread the water.

A boy, no, it was a little man came through the hedge that separated her land from the Landeau orchard. He was a Mexican, an aging man with hair that shone like silver in the sun and dressed in clothes so big that they looked like the shapeless garments of the villagers in his native land. He came to her, bowed, and took the hose from her hand. His dark eyes, even his lean, brown wrinkled face had a radiant quality.

"No, Mees, thees way," he said, turning off the water. Then he sprinted around the corner, returning in a moment with a steel rod in his hand. He fitted it to a valve on the edge of the grass and the water spread in a high arch over the lawn.

When she thanked him, he shook his head saying, "I like you, Mees."

"I like you, too," Serena said. "Can you show me the well?"

The little man looked at her, puzzled, and lowered his head. "Not much English, Mees," he murmured. Then he raised his head and his face was radiant again as he said, "I do, Mees."

HE ran around the corner again, coming back with a spray nozzle which he fastened to the hose and carefully placed at the edge of a flower bed. The spray adjusted, he beamed proudly at Serena.

Reaching back into her high-school Spanish, she haltingly asked him where he lived. His reply came in a cloudburst of Spanish, and she asked him to speak slowly. She learned that he lived with some families who rented cottages at the far end of the Landeau orchards. His name was Luis Pedro Garcia de Trejada.

Jeff Landeau must have sent him over, or Mrs. Landeau. That was more likely. Leaving him to do the sprinkling, Serena made her exploration of the farm. She found the well, covered by a doll-sized pump house. There was an acre or so of young walnut trees, not yet in production, a small vegetable garden, badly in need of water. On the other side of the driveway was a family orchard. Delighted, Serena saw that she would soon be picking her own cherries and apricots. Later, there would be peaches and apples. There was a lone fig tree and an arbor of seedless grapes. From the fruit orchard she walked to the end of her walnut acres and back, her feet sore from the unwanted exercise on the hard clods. She saw Jeff Landeau drive his tractor out of the orchard. From a distance, the orchard floor looked smooth as

a board. All the weeds were gone, even from the base of the trees, sealing in the moisture for the long, dry summer ahead.

Luis was watering the vegetables. He saw her and turned off the water. "Mees," he called beckoning her to the well. Pointing to the measuring board on the side of the pump house, he said in Spanish, "No more for today. In the morning, yes." Then he bowed and went across the orchard.

By now it was almost sunset. She felt tired and hungry, too tired to change into her clothes and go back to town. On the shelves in the little room off the kitchen she found canned goods and crackers. There was canned fruit in the basement.

When she went into the familiar guest room to open the windows, the air was hot and still. Even the walls were warm. Loath to sleep inside alone on her first night, she dragged the mattress to the screened porch, promising herself she would somehow get the springs and bed out tomorrow. In the linen closet were clean sheets and blankets, all smelling of lavender. Sleepily she removed her shoes and stockings. She hoped Mrs. Landeau would call soon. It would be good to have neighbors.

There must be a million crickets, she thought. At first they sounded louder than the traffic up Telegraph Hill. Then they became the music of the night. The air was unbelievably cool. It smelled so good she wanted to breathe it all in at once. The stars were there, back of the lace of the trees. Sleep, that had long been so difficult, came easily as she looked at them.

IN the morning, responding to Mr. Howarth's telephone call, Serena drove into Valley Oaks to sign the necessary papers. The old lawyer counseled her to hold onto her money. "Remember," he said, "the walnut expenses all come before you get your payments. You get a final payment early this fall, but I doubt if it will defray the dusting and harvesting expenses." Hinting that she might do well to sell the farm, he told her that the sale would bring a tidy sum.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I intend to keep it."

"That's your privilege," he answered dryly, but his look said plainly that he thought her incapable of managing the land.

Back in Meadtown, she stopped for groceries and found a shop where she could buy a pretty cotton dress and a pair of sandals. After lunch, eaten on the side lawn where the smell of pinks was sweet in the air, she began the long process of removing the personal effects of Harriett and George from the drawers and closets. Everything that was suitable she packed to give away. After she had washed the shelves and drawers and lined them with clean paper, the most of Thursday was gone and the house was still and warm.

Outside it was hot, hotter than yesterday. She turned the sprinklers on the side lawn and started toward a flower bed. Before she had the spike inserted, Luis was moving across the orchard.

"I do, Mees," he said, taking the hose.

Serena sat on a white garden chair to watch. When all the sprinklers were adjusted, Luis chattered to her in Spanish. She learned that he had fought with the revolutionists in Mexico. That had been the great period of his life, when he had a wife and children and hope. Everything was gone now. All he needed now was to satisfy his small needs and to love God. To love God meant that he must love all God's children. Tears came to his dark, shining eyes. They were both silent, Serena trying to understand him.

Suddenly he faced her, a look of humble entreaty in his eyes. "You need me, Mees," he said and bowed to her. His face lit up with a smile as beguiling as that of a child, and he added,; "I need you." He burst into torrential Spanish, which she could not follow.

Serena stared at him, more bewildered than ever. He smiled again, this time to assure her, and after rearranging the sprinkler over the flowers, he ran quickly through the orchards, towards the Landeau place.

Watching Luis, barely visible through the green of the leaves, Serena saw a slender, quick-moving woman in the Landeau yard. In a moment she disappeared with Luis. Soon a car came down Serena's driveway. It was Jeff Landeau in his green pickup. Luis rode with him.

THE tall, sun-tanned man wasted no words on small talk. "You seem to have yourself a hired man," he announced, as he got out of the car.

"I couldn't understand what he meant," Serena said, with a sigh of relief, motioning for her caller to be seated in the redwood chair opposite her. "When he goes so fast in Spanish, I can't make him out, and he never slows down. But if that is what he wants, you will have to tell him I can't afford a hired man."

"I think you can afford this one." There was a little twinkle in Jeff Landeau's blue eyes. "He seems to have taken a fancy to you, and you can certainly use him."

"I know that," she admitted ruefully. "I'm just realizing what it will take to keep the grounds, and I haven't thought of the housework yet."

"Luis has been in the valley about a year, living with the Mexican families on the far side of my orchard. The houses are small, and all the people have children. I think Luis has been sleeping in his car this summer." He spoke slowly, watching her carefully.

Serena's face showed her solicitude.

"Luis isn't young any more," Jeff said, scoring his point. "I don't think he was ever a fast worker. Now he's too old for the farmers to want to hire him, wages being what they are."

Serena felt as if he were charging her with the fate of Luis. She liked the little man, and felt they would be compatible. He needed a decent place to live, but how could she, a young woman, living alone, share her home with him, even if she could afford his wages?

(*To be continued*)

Children Can Cook

Melba S. Payne

"MOTHER, please just let me make some teeny weeny cookies all by myself." What mother has not heard this plea or one like it? Perhaps you felt like answering, "Oh, run on and do something, but please leave mother alone."

There are times in the life of every child when he wants to satisfy the urge to create something he can eat. Don't crush this inherent desire; encourage it. Even your little sons may grow up to be grateful someday because you taught them how to do simple cooking. As for your daughter, you will be delighted with what she will be able to accomplish if you will but be patient. When she is able to make tasty casseroles, plain desserts, and cookies, you will be rewarded for your efforts.

Begin first by teaching your children how to arrange an attractive salad, by using, for instance: lettuce and cottage cheese with pears, pineapple, or peach halves. Teach them how to scrub and dry the potatoes, then rub them slightly with shortening before putting them in the oven to bake. They can learn early how to wash rice and place it in the top of the double boiler. Write out recipes for even these simple things and include several kinds of salads and easy-to-make refrigerator dishes. Place these recipes in their own special box of recipes.

Don't try to teach your child how to make a cake all at once. First you might try having him use various cake mixes to learn a few simple steps: how to combine dry ingredients with liquids; how to grease and fill the pans; how to set the oven temperature; and how to tell when a cake is done. After she has made a few cakes this way, give her a good plain recipe to follow exactly. Keep out of her way, yet be near in case you are needed. What if she does make a few mistakes? So do you, and don't be too hard on her for them, or she may acquire a dislike for the whole business of cooking.

Get a box of biscuit mix, and after your child has learned how to mix with liquid, then let her roll and cut the soft dough into little round mounds. The process of making buttermilk or baking powder biscuits from first to last will be much less frustrating to her, and she can say, as children love to say, "These are my very own."

Above all, have patience, mother, *patience*, and you will soon discover that your children can cook.

* * * *

Home Light

Sylvia Probst Young

I stood high on a hill and watched the night,
With gentle arms enfold a quiet town,
As one by one the yellow lights shone up,
And one bright star shone down.
I marked one little light among them all,
One little light to me was beckoning.
Content, I made my way—the light of home
Is such a warming thing.

Uncertain Possession

Chapter 8 (Conclusion)

Beatrice R. Parsons

THE week following Margaret's sudden death was a busy one for Dr. Wire. An outbreak of measles in the valley kept Matt, Uncle John, and Hallie continually on the go. Lorna was glad that Matt was too busy to dwell on Margaret's passing. His hurt and pain had been deep, but it was slowly drifting away. Now that Uncle John could take up the reins of his practice, with Hallie's assistance, Matt was beginning to talk of going back to Utah.

Lorna was growing more and more certain of her pregnancy. She wanted to share the wonder of her knowledge with her husband, but the time never seemed to come. Matt was out of the house most of his waking hours, and when he came home, he usually dropped to sleep over his late dinner.

When, at last, on a beautiful sunshiny morning, he announced, with a twinkle of relief in his eyes, that the epidemic was past and that he and his lovely wife were due for a holiday, Lorna was jubilant.

She packed a picnic basket with everything he liked, and went over and over in her mind about how she was going to tell him of their coming child.

When she turned the key in the lock, she gave the telephone a little grimace of distaste. "Now, ring as much as you like! Matt won't hear you." She tucked her hand under Matt's arm and urged him down the walk. She said playfully: "I'm beginning to think of that instrument as having a hundred arms, each one of them always reaching out to snatch you away from me."

Matt sighed tiredly as he got out the car. As they drove out of the yard, he said: "You won't have to fear the telephone much longer, darling. I've made up my mind to go back. I'm not needed here any longer . . . ."

"You'll always be needed, Matt," she interrupted warmly, and was as surprised as he was to hear herself saying it. "That is," she amended gently, "you'll always be needed wherever a doctor is needed, darling."

But she knew that her words hadn't gone deep enough into the truth. People would always need Matt for his professional skill. But wherever he went, whatever he did, people would always need Matt for himself, too. She was suddenly sorry for the many families in Westfield who would feel Matt's loss.

Yet, this was what she had always wanted. This was what she had dreamed so long. To go back with Matt, to see him established in an office, which would not take so much of his time, so much of himself.

Whatever was the matter with her? Thinking about going away made her a little sad. She looked about with wondering eyes. This cottonwood-shaded street was as familiar to her as the back of her hand. Once it had seemed strange,

unwelcoming. Now it seemed to be part of herself. She knew all the people in all the houses. They were her friends!

Matt didn't talk much as they drove. That left Lorna to look around her. Her mind registered sights and sounds that had been so terrifying to her the day they arrived. Things she had scarcely been aware of during the nervous tension of her arrival in Sky Valley opened up before her amazed glance with a clarity, and a beauty, that surprised her.

The gray mountains seemed blue in the morning sunlight. The jagged peaks, which had so frightened her the day she came, were emerald-jeweled with scattered pines. Even the long, pencil-thin strip of highway that crossed Nevada and flung itself headlong into the salt flats of her native State, was not so strange as once it had been.

Their wheels pounded a gay rhythm as they passed the marching poplar trees and crossed the sturdy steel bridge. She smiled a little at the trickle of water in the deep gorge and remembered the night that Matt had worried about Jim Nason.

That was her Matt—thoughtful, kind—always worrying about others, never consciously remembering himself. She knew now that this quality in her husband was what made him such a fine doctor. She laughed suddenly, happily, to see a gaily striped lizard scamper out of range of danger from their wheels.

In the distance the lake was blue as the dress Netty had worn for her wedding reception. Along the sides of the road the great, flowering yucca lifted worshiping heads to the desert breeze. The Joshua trees cast manlike shadows before the blazing sun. Large gray jack rabbits hopped out of the sage and surveyed their hurrying car with lifted ears.

Lorna said suddenly: "Oh, Matt, isn't it beautiful . . . ?"

He interrupted slyly. "I told you it was."

"So you did," she said wonderingly, and knew that this was the time and place to tell Matt about the baby. Her face was shining as she sought for what she must say, and remembered Mrs. Honson. "How are the twins, Matt? Have they gained weight? What formula do they have?" On, on, asking question after question, filing the answers away for future reference for her own child.

MATT grinned. "Their weight has increased exactly as it should. Mrs. Honson is doing wonderfully, too." He was thoughtful, saying slowly: "I've been studying the new technique in childbirth, Lorna. Uncle John and I have been discussing it. It's controversial, but I think it's good. In some hospitals the new mother is urged to walk around soon after her child is born. Doctors have found that it prevents circulatory complications."

Lorna's eyes were shining, and she nodded eagerly. "I'm going to try it, Matt!"

He lifted his head and stared at her. "You, Lorna?"

After all her plans for telling him romantically, she blurted out: "We're going to have a baby, dar-

ling. You and I. And you're going to be my doctor. We'll try out the new technique together."

"Lorna, Lorna!" Matt was delighted. So delighted that he slowed the car, stopped it, and turned to look into her eyes. When he saw the truth, he kissed her gently. Then started the car again, saying tenderly: "Lorna, I do believe I'm the happiest, luckiest man in all the world."

She was glad that she had been able to contribute to his happiness, and what he called his "luck." But it went deeper than that. The word he should have used was "love." Love and luck and happiness were all mixed up together in what they had. And a lot of unselfishness, too. Matt's unselfishness. And soon, her own, she told herself, firmly. Then they would have everything that goes to make happiness.

She knew that she would never entirely conquer her possessiveness of Matt. Perhaps of their child! But she would teach herself the truth of something Matt had said to her when she had first come to Westfield—nothing worth entirely possessing, is worthy of possession! So she would school herself to let Matt wing like a gray hawk into the wide-spreading field of his profession, and she would let her child go from her side, at manhood, secure, in the wise, courageous things she would teach him.

As they came within a short distance of Jim Nason's farm, she smiled grimly, remembering how selfish the old man had grown. She stared at his neat stone house, his dike of sandbags at the edge of the meandering brook which could turn into a rushing torrent during a desert storm, and frowned a little to see Jim waving an authoritative hand in Matt's direction.

"Oh, oh," she groaned, "that awful old man! Now what in the world can he want of you, Matt?"

MATT didn't know, but he slowed the car beside the neat rail fence and called: "Hi, Jim!"

But the old man was looking at Lorna, and scarcely returned his greeting. He came briefly to the point.

"Been thinkin' over the things you said to me, young woman! Been thinking that maybe a hospital is better'n a statue. Been thinkin' that maybe when I git a little time I'll have a talk with your husband . . . ."

He stopped abruptly as he turned and went into his house. Surprise turned Lorna's gray eyes into opals, and as he started the car, Matt's surprised whistle cut through the air.

It wasn't until they were halfway to the lake that Lorna remembered that they hadn't even thanked Jim. Tears stood in her eyes and she touched Matt's arm. He looked down at her in sudden anxiety.

"Lorna, don't cry! I know how little you want to stay in Westfield. I've promised that we'd soon go back. Uncle John can handle everything . . . ."

His words made her sob a little, and she hurried to interrupt, "Matt! You can't run off and leave everything to Uncle John! You've got to stay and help with the hospital. What would the people of West-

field think if you walked out on them now?"

Matt was staring at her in brown-eyed astonishment. For a moment he struggled to find words. Then he burst out, "Lorna, do you know what you're saying? Do you know . . . ?"

She nodded firmly, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand, and sniffing childishly.

"Of course, I know, Matt! I'm telling you that we've got to remain in Westfield. Help the people get their fine, modern hospital." Her face was shining with plans. "We'll both work, darling. And Uncle John and Hallie, too. And when our son grows up, he'll be a doctor just like his father, and . . ."

She stopped, realizing that the car had stopped, too. They were at the edge of the lake. Matt was looking at her with such a happy, wonderful glow in his eyes that she felt warm to the very core of her being.

There were people in gay little groups all over the white beach, so he could not take her in his arms and kiss her. But she found him trembling a little as he helped her out of the car.

She lifted her hand and put it against his arm. Not with her old, possessive gesture, but with a new confidence and love. His fingers closed over hers and clung for a long, silent moment. Then they got out the picnic basket and spread their brilliant Indian blanket on the sand.

There were children playing all about them, and people shouting, laughing. Yet Lorna didn't mind. All these people were her friends. This beautiful lake, this spreading valley, the gray hills, and the low stone houses far in the distance behind the soldierly poplars were hers and Matt's.

And after a while it would be their children's. Lorna's heart glowed with happiness as she opened the picnic basket and handed Matt a sandwich. They looked into each others eyes and suddenly they were laughing like two gay, carefree children sharing some wondrous little secret.

Matt's eyes and voice caressed Lorna as he whispered: "Darling, do you think any two people were ever so happy as we are? And will always be," he added very, very softly.

* * * *

Think of Me Sometimes

Katherine F. Larsen

Think of me sometimes when rain softly falling
Washes new leaves to a tenderer green;
Think of me—not in the gold glare of noonday—
Let a fleet, shy thought slip somewhere between
Day's end and star-time, when evening's bird calling
Blends dusk with music, nostalgic—serene . . . .

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ethel L. Mauss

JAPANESE MISSION, MIYAGI DISTRICT, SENDAI BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED FOR SOCIAL, March 20, 1952

President Teiko Mutakami is seated second row, center, with Sumiko Shirota, a missionary, at her left, and Gertrude Souza, missionary, at her right.

This happy occasion commemorated the 110th anniversary of the organization of the first Relief Society. A brief history of the organization was presented, together with a summary of the activities and accomplishments of the Sendai Branch. Some of the beautiful handwork done by these sisters was exhibited.

Ethel L. Mauss is president of the Japanese Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Cora L. Nielson

BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE AND RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

At left, seated at the piano, pianist Hazel Riser; at right, at organ, organist Ellen Capener; Merle D. Larson, the director, stands at the right, back of the organ.

The total membership of Bear River Stake Singing Mothers is about sixty-five, and many of them travel long distances for rehearsal and performances. Only about half of the wards of the stake are included so far in the membership of the chorus, but plans are being made to include all the wards, as the chorus is serving to bring the sisters together in the unity of love and service.

Ruby W. Nielsen is president of Bear River Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Marguerite S. Davis

FRESNO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), EXETER WARD ACHIEVES 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING RECORD FOR 1951-52

Front row, seated, left to right: Marguerite Mangine, Second Counselor; Nadyne Cranston, First Counselor; Emma Reip, President; Erma Terry, Secretary.

Back row, standing, left to right: Joan Schultz; Bertha Young; Sarah Wilson; Roberta Weiner; Alma James; Ardelle Thomas; Ruby Smith.

Sister Marguerite S. Davis, Secretary, Fresno Stake Relief Society, reports the devotion and enthusiasm of these sisters: "Considering the distances traveled in a farming community, such as Exeter, we feel justly proud of the accomplishment of these sisters and hope to encourage them in their work."

Lyle J. Coombs is president of Fresno Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Margaret J. Olpin

TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH), LINDON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY

Front row, seated, left to right: First Counselor Velma Gillman and President Pearl D. Chapman.

Back row, standing, left to right: Secretary Louie Gillman; Second Counselor Erma Tomlinson; work meeting leader Helois Johnson.

The presidency of the Lindon Ward Relief Society reports that the bazaars in this ward have been so successful that the members have been able to furnish the Relief Society room in the new chapel with a fine piano, hardwood chairs, beautiful draw drapes, and an electric sewing machine. Additional funds, for other worthwhile projects, were secured through the variety of beautiful and useful articles which sold readily at the bazaars and gave much pleasure to all who participated.

Margaret J. Olpin is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alice A. Call

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS

Photograph taken in January 1952

Some of the stake and ward Relief Society choristers and officers are identified as follows:

In front, at left of piano and organ, left to right: stake chorister Ethel Taylor Sessions; pianist, Winnifred Beckstead.

Front row, left to right: Mabel Parry, stake work meeting leader; Louise Luke, Secretary, Beverly Hills Ward; Laura Hale, chorister, Beverly Hills Ward (11th from left); Mary Fitzell, counselor, Arlington Ward (14th from left); Emeline Judd, chorister, Hollywood Ward (16th from left).

Second row, left to right: Marion Pinkston, stake education counselor (7th from left); Rea Schapp, chorister, Arlington Ward (9th from left); Darlene Noyes, chorister, Wilshire Ward (11th from left); Caroline Naylor, chorister, LaBrea Ward (18th from left); Artel Lent, President. Arlington Ward (19th from left).

Third row, left to right: Golda Hogan, stake Secretary (first at left); Edna Sant, secretary, LaBrea Ward (3d from left); Dorothy Koer, Counselor, Beverly Hills Ward (14th from left); May Casey, Counselor, Hollywood Ward (19th from left).

Alice A. Call is president of Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Reta F. Broadbent

WEST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, GREAT FALLS (MONTANA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT OF MOTHERHOOD
May 16, 1952

Front row, left to right: Mrs. Ceylon Humphreys; Mrs. William Jones; Mrs. Ralph M. Jones; Mrs. Chris Gerhart; Mrs. Dan Thurber.

Back row, left to right: Mrs. Robert L. Booth; Mrs. Harold C. Brandley; Mrs. Earl Jensen; Mrs. Lyman Tracy; Mrs. LeRoy Cook; Mrs. J. P. Croft; Mrs. C. L. Killpack.

This beautiful pageant, "The Flowers of Motherhood," was composed by Mrs. Harold C. Brandley, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Massachusetts. The pageant, depicting mothers of the past, was presented in honor of Mother's Day, and symbolized courage, faith, service, sacrifice, appreciation, devotion, gratitude, and remembrance. The dialogue was read by Mrs. William G. Jones, Mrs. Robert L. Booth, and Mrs. Brandley. Mrs. Helen Bergman was organist and took charge of the music, with Mrs. Allen B. Monk as soloist, accompanied by Mrs. Gaylord Johnson.

Reta F. Broadbent is president of the West Central States Mission Relief Society.

When Morning Comes

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Dark and fearful is the night
When terror clutches at the heart,
But doubly sweet is morning light
That cleaves the night and day apart.

Photograph submitted by Della R. Hulme

BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO), GARDEN CITY WARD, FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS SERVE FOR A TOTAL OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS

Front row, at right: Amanda L. Pope, age ninety-three, who served from 1908 to 1930. She became a visiting teacher when the Garden City Ward Relief Society was first organized in 1879. She also acted as Y.W.M.I.A. president for many years and has been active in other auxiliaries, as well as rearing a large family.

Front row, at left: Celia A. Langford, daughter of Sister Pope, who acted as president from 1930 to 1939. Sister Langford served as secretary in the Relief Society for twenty-three years before her appointment as ward president. She has also been active in other auxiliary organizations, and is still a diligent class leader in Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Millie Sprouse (1939-1948), who has also served as a Primary president and served in many other auxiliary positions; Leone Loveland (1948-1950), who has also acted as organist in Relief Society and as a class leader in the M.I.A.; Theora Hodges, who became ward Relief Society president in 1950 and is still serving. She has long been an active worker in Relief Society and other auxiliaries.

Della R. Hulme is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.

Nocturne

Ruth Harwood

The majesty of mountains in the night,
The myriad dark patternings of trees,
The glory of the star-brocaded skies,
The mystery of moonrise—all these
I am remembering as background for
The wonder of your love-illumined eyes.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 10—Journey to the Land of Promise

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi, Chapters 16-18)

For Tuesday, November 4, 1952

Objective: The Lord aids those who keep his commandments to accomplish righteous purposes.

WITH the needed spiritual instruction, the possession of the brass plates, the membership of the colony completed, and a compass to point the way they should travel, Lehi and his group started from the valley of Lemuel into the wilderness. Dr. Hugh Nibley, in his series of articles on "Lehi in the Desert," presents logical evidence which he feels is sufficient to justify our drawing the conclusion that it was a camel caravan. The little colony took with them their tents, provisions, and seeds of every kind, and departed into the wilderness across the river Laman.

They traveled four days in nearly a south-southeast direction. They camped at a place they called Shazer. This stop was necessary, for they had need of replenishing their supplies of food. The men seem to have been experienced archers. Equipped with bows and arrows, they went into the wilderness to secure food for their families.

Having replenished their supplies, they went forth again into the wilderness. They followed the same general direction as before, following the direction indicated by the compass, which took them into the more fertile parts of the wilderness which were near the Red Sea. After traveling for many days, they felt the need of further rest and of replenishing their supplies. They halted their journey.

We might designate this place as the camp of the broken bow, for here it was that Nephi broke the steel bow he had brought with him from Jerusalem, making it extremely difficult to obtain food. The bows of the other men had become almost useless because they had lost their spring. Unable to face difficulty and disaster with courageous hearts, they were sorrowful and "did murmur" against the Lord. Nephi, however, blessed with ability to adjust himself to the situation at hand, and possessing initia-

tive and resourcefulness to a high degree, fabricated a bow and arrow from wood. With this bow and arrow, a sling, and stones, Nephi, following directions given him on the compass, climbed to the top of a mountain and killed animals in sufficient quantity to supply the colony.

It is interesting to note Nephi's account of the workings of the ball. (See 1 Nephi 16:26-30.)

Hunting with the bow and arrow and with the slingshot was the common procedure among the Arabs living near Jerusalem in 600 B.C. Nephi's description of hunting corresponds with known historical facts concerning hunting in that territory in 600 B.C.

Their next journey was to a place called Nahom, which took them many days. Here Ishmael died and was buried. His death, together with hunger, thirst, and fatigue caused the daughters of Ishmael to murmur against Lehi and Nephi and to desire that they be allowed to return to Jerusalem. They even plotted with Laban, Lemuel, and the sons of Ishmael to kell Lehi and Nephi. Conditions were ripe for another rebellion among a large part of the colony, but the voice of the Lord came and chastened them exceedingly, so that they repented of their sins.

All of the traveling up to now had been in a south-southeast direction, undoubtedly through the more fertile parts along the Red Sea. Their next journeying was to take them nearly east to the shores of Irreantum (many waters). They named the place Bountiful, because there was so much fruit and wild honey there.

It was a time of rejoicing for the little colony when they came to the seashore. For eight years they had suffered from lack of food, physical exhaustion, and the worry and anxiety incident to traveling through a strange wilderness. The Lord had forbidden them to make much fire, perhaps as a means of promoting safety from discovery by wandering bands of nomads who might have killed them. Resulting from this command not to make much fire, were many problems of food preparation, but the Lord said: "I will make thy food become sweet, that ye cook it not" (1 Nephi 17:12).

Other difficulties were experienced by the women, for they gave birth to children in the wilderness. Despite these difficulties, however, the women became strong like unto the men, and learned to suffer hardships without murmuring.

The members of this little colony were now fully cognizant that if "the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them . . ." (1 Nephi 17:3). They must have rejoiced in this knowledge, and must have recognized that, through the furnace of affliction, one is refined.

When the colony "had been in the land of Bountiful for the space of many days," the Lord instructed Nephi to build a ship in which they were to sail to the land of promise. Nephi made tools from ore which he smelted from the rock, having been divinely directed to the ore. From the skins of animals, he made a bellows with which to blow the

fire, and smote two stones together to make fire.

It was amidst all kinds of adversity that Nephi built the ship. His brothers labored reluctantly, because they believed he did not have the knowledge to build a ship and did not believe that the Lord had instructed him. Like other obstructionists, they stood by the wayside and made their incisive remarks. "Our brother is a fool," they said. They expressed themselves as wishing they had remained in Jerusalem where they could have enjoyed themselves, and asserted the righteousness of the people of Jerusalem.

Nephi, in opposition to their arguments that God had not instructed him, presented a sound inductive argument in which he cited many historical examples to prove that the Lord does direct men. "He leadeth away the righteous into precious lands," he said to them, "and the wicked he destroyeth, and curseth the land unto them for their sakes" (1 Nephi 17:38). Nephi knew that "he that is righteous is favored of God" (1 Nephi 17:35).

Many more things did Nephi tell them, calling them to repent:

> And now it came to pass that when I had spoken these words they were angry with me, and were desirous to throw me into the depths of the sea; and as they came forth to lay their hands upon me I spake unto them, saying: In the name of the Almighty God, I command you that ye touch me not, for I am filled with the power of God, even unto the consuming of my flesh; and whoso shall lay his hands upon me shall wither even as a dried reed; and he shall be as naught before the power of God, for God shall smite him (I Nephi 17:48).

> And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said many things unto my brethren, insomuch that they were confounded and could not contend against me; neither durst they lay their hands upon me . . . (I Nephi 17:52).

And the Lord told Nephi that he would shock his brethren "and this will I do, that they may know that I am the Lord their God." And the Lord shook them, even as he said. "And now, they said: We know of a surety that the Lord is with thee, for we know that it is the power of the Lord that has shaken us." And Nephi's older brothers fell down and were about to worship him, but Nephi would not allow it, telling them that the Lord their God was the one they should worship. The brothers were humbled, and they ceased to impede the work of building the ship (1 Nephi 17:52-55).

Nephi's power and reliance on God may remind us of Parley P. Pratt's description of Joseph Smith in Richmond jail, when Joseph rebuked the guards for their base conduct. "SILENCE, ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I die THIS INSTANT!"

Describing the event, Parley P. Pratt writes:

> He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without a weapon; calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground; whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet till a change of guards.

I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in majesterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the Courts of England; I have witnessed a Congress in solemn session to give laws to nations . . . but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight, in a dungeon in an obscure village of Missouri (*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, pp. 229-230, 1874 Edition).

After the ship was completed, the Lord instructed Lehi to take his colony into the ship. Lehi had two more sons, Jacob and Joseph, who had been born in the wilderness. They loaded the boat with fruit, meat, honey, and other provisions on which they might subsist. They also took seeds with them. They were driven forth by the winds towards the promised land.

After having been driven forth before the wind for many days, Laman, Lemuel, and the sons of Ishmael and their wives began to sing and to dance, and to speak with much rudeness forgetting "by what power they had been brought hither." Fearful, because of their unbecoming conduct, Nephi reproved them. Unwilling to take criticism from Nephi, they became angry, and Laman and Lemuel bound Nephi with cords.

Immediately the compass ceased to work, and they did not know which way to steer the ship. Soon a great and terrible tempest arose, driving them back upon the waters for the space of three days. They began to be frightened exceedingly, nevertheless they did not loose Nephi. On the fourth day they were driven back. "The tempest began to be exceeding sore," and they were about to be swallowed up in the depths of the sea before they released Nephi, whose wrists and ankles were badly swollen. There was, however, no murmuring on the part of Nephi because of his afflictions.

When Nephi was released, he took the compass, which again worked, and they sailed again towards the land of promise. How long they were on the water we do not know, but the record states, "after we had sailed for the space of many days we did arrive at the promised land; and we went forth upon the land, and did pitch our tents; and we did call it the promised land" (1 Nephi 18:23).

Questions on the Lesson

1. What kind of hardships were suffered by this colony?
2. What is there to justify the conclusion that the Lord helped these people?
3. What characteristics of Nephi are revealed in this lesson?

* * * *

No Word

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Should I receive no word from you,
Then could the darkness be like this—
A night from some star-deep abyss
With wind that drowns
All other sounds
Wind, rising wild and free,
Surrounding me.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 10—"But to Be Learned Is Good If They Hearken Unto the Counsels of God" (2 Nephi 9:29).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 4, 1952

Objective: To point out the meaning of true education.

"HE is a very well educated man," we hear someone remark, "yet he had only fourteen days of formal schooling." Such a situation may well be so. Some of the world's great characters did not have the opportunity of so-called formal education, yet this did not prevent them from becoming educated in every sense of the word. Education is not limited to that which is offered in formal institutions of learning. One may be educated without having attended a college or university. On the other hand, a man who has acquired impressive degrees may, nevertheless, be lacking in true education.

In considering this subject the question to be pondered is, "What is the purpose of my being here on earth? What are the things I should learn while here?" Mere attendance at school may not supply the answers to these important questions.

The acquisition of truth and the living of truth will give one real education. The search for truth should be the quest of all people everywhere.

What is truth? The Lord tells us, "And truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come" (D. & C. 93:24). The Lord advises us to learn:

> Of things both in heaven and in earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms (D. & C. 88:79).

These quotations indicate that our Heavenly Father desires us to gain knowledge about our world.

Formal education is desirable, if we also hearken to the counsels of God. We should be anxious for knowledge about our world, and equally anxious to learn our responsibility to the world. If our learning includes this, then it is good. Some people are not given the opportunity for a formal education; however, to obey the Lord's commandments does not require schooling.

"The purpose of education," said President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., "is to know and recognize truth, to love truth and to live it." The gospel of Jesus Christ is truth, the commandments of God are true principles, and our learning should help us to live the gospel, not estrange us from it.

Students should be discriminating in their appraisal of material presented to them. If the information given in school takes one away from God, then it is not truth and is not good education. Many who have had very little formal education are quick to recognize the will of God and to conform to his will. On the other hand, some who are college trained have not learned to hear our Heavenly Father and live according to his instructions. As Herbert Spencer says, "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge."

Complete living calls for religious instruction and practice, as well as the acquisition of secular knowledge. The two must go hand-in-hand to enrich the whole person.

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—The Use of Time

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, November 11, 1952

Time is all the capital stock there is on the earth. You should consider your time golden; it is actually wealth (President Brigham Young).

AT the time of our birth, each of us received an endowment of shares of the capital stock referred to by President Young. Each share has a value of 365 golden days or 8,760 precious hours. Unlike material wealth, the shares must be used immediately upon maturity, for they cannot be kept nor given away.

The difference between success and failure, as a homemaker, lies mainly in how we use our time. It is not the hours we put in, but what we put into the hours that counts.

There is no ideal pattern for the division of time, because of individual differences, needs, and desires. There are guideposts, however, which, if followed, will help us make more efficient use of our time by eliminating wasteful expenditures. Some of the guideposts are:

1. *Face Yourself*

"Time's a'wastin" everytime two steps are taken to do a job that could just as well be done with one, or none at all. Today's homes, and especially the kitchens, are time and step-savers. Millions of dollars have been spent in finding ways and means of doing work with the least cost in time and energy.

An improved way of doing a task may mean a saving of only a minute or two. This saving, however, repeated each day or week, means hours or even days saved over a period of a year.

2. *Analyze each task you perform by asking yourself:*

Is each part of it necessary?

Could the time I spend doing it be shortened without a sacrifice of really important values?

Is the way I do it the best way, or am I habit-bound?

Is the equipment I use the best I can afford for the job to be done, and is it in good working condition? It has been estimated that the use of unsuitable equipment increase the drain on time from 50% to 500%.

3. *Save Steps, Stoops, and Motions —They Use Precious Time*

Store supplies and tools near the place where they will be used first. This may mean having some things such as knives, spoons, etc., in two or three different places. Arrange them in your cupboards and drawers so they can be readily seen and easily used. Time spent hunting is wasted.

Use a carrier to take loads, rather than carrying them piece by piece. Carts and trays are cheaper to buy than are new feet.

Avoid unnecessary handling of tools and materials. Practice the habit of placing things in their right place in the first place.

Learn to use both hands for doing a task, whenever possible.

4. *Take Time Out For Rest*

Frequent short rest periods make it possible for us to work more efficiently and for a longer time. Intersperse work with recreation. Life is dull for us if we have time only for the things that must be done.

These are but a few of the many ways we could all adopt to make better use of our time. "Employ thy time well . . . since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour," was the advice Benjamin Franklin gave the people of his day. Let us so live that when the time comes for us to give an account of the use we made of the "shares of capital stock" given us, we will be acclaimed profitable servants by our Father in heaven.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Is the use you make of your time based on the things you consider most important for yourself and members of your family, or self-imposed habit?
2. Many have never reached their goal in life just because they never took the time to plan a course of travel. When in our life should such a plan have its beginning?
3. What are some of the factors that determine whether or not we are using our time wisely?
4. What time-saving methods have you found in your home? Discuss.

Summer

Gene Romolo

Summer is the bud of spring full-blown.
For her, time measures minutes rhythmically;
Her days are rich in honey-storing hours,
For hers are golden months of mothering
That bring forth, for the Autumn's garnering,
Tree's mellowed fruitage, gold of sheaf-spread fields,
And lush-ripe loveliness the vineyard yields.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 26—Coleridge the Poet (1772-1834)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 163-190)

For Tuesday, November 18, 1952

Objective: To study Coleridge's poems as illustrations of his poetic theory, that we might more fully understand, and thus enjoy, his works.

Productive Period of Coleridge's Life

THROUGHOUT Coleridge's entire life he suffered greatly from rheumatism and neuralgia. It is possible that he began the use of opium to alleviate his pain. In his youth he found release for his fierce intellectual energy in reading widely. In later years Coleridge recalled that even at the age of three he read a chapter from the Bible. Throughout his years of formal education he was always regarded as a precocious youth, but because he habitually read what interested him rather than what he should read for his classes, he finally left Cambridge in 1794 without a degree.

From his earliest years Coleridge wrote a great deal of promising poetry. During college he wrote a play, which was later revised and produced successfully. During the next three years after college he was so preoccupied with revolutionary social, political, and economic reforms, Unitarianism, marriage, and journalism, that he wrote little poetry, and it was governed by conventional form and tone. Then, in 1797, he met Wordsworth, who later referred to Coleridge as "the most wonderful man I have ever known." Each personality stimulated and complemented the other into one of the most significant periods of co-operative literary activity in English literary history. In this union of talent and genius Wordsworth found stimulation which was lifelong; for Coleridge it lasted only half a year—"that glorious half-year" from November 1797 to May 1798—yet in this brief period his greatest works were written: "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," part one, and "Kubla Khan." Also during this period the two poets talked into reality the theory and plan of their *Lyrical Ballads*, which, with Wordsworth's prefatory statement added in 1800, became one of the most revolutionary and important writings in English criticism. In 1798 Coleridge wrote "France: an Ode," and four years later, in 1802, his "Dejection: an Ode" lamented the departure of his poetic powers. Henceforth, as earlier, poetry was not his primary concern, but philosophy and religion, and one or the other of the following occupations: farmer, tutor, preacher, reporter, political writer, reviewer, editor, translator, lecturer, dramatist, and philosopher.

That any man can achieve poetic immortality with such a tiny handful of poems forces us to conclude

From an Old Print

RYDAL WATER IN ENGLAND'S BEAUTIFUL LAKELAND

This lake, and others near it, formed the scenic surroundings for much of the best work of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Nab Cottage, home of the poet's son, Hartley Coleridge, may be seen in the background across the lake.

that they must excel in whatever virtues they possess. And it is so. Concerning Coleridge's poetic powers Leigh Hunt wrote:

> Of pure poetry strictly so called, that is to say, consisting of nothing but its essential self, without conventional and perishing helps, he was the greatest master of his time. If you would see it in a phial, like a distillation of roses, it would be found without a speck.

If from poetry we remove all "conventional and perishing helps," such as whatever vogue in imagery, diction, rhyme, rhythm, and stanza form might be popular, what have we left to define as poetry? In our last lesson we learned that Coleridge defined "imagination as the soul of poetry." Because this quality is supreme in his own poems, just as his criticism said it should be, we see not only the beautiful harmony between his own theory and practice, but also Leigh Hunt's justification for praising the purity of poetic content which Coleridge's poems contain.

"The Ancient Mariner"

In order to study Coleridge at his best, we must turn to "The Ancient Mariner," a poem whose universal appeal has never dimmed and which is generally acclaimed as the best literary ballad in English. For generations it has been read by every schoolboy, which tempts one to say that any poem which can be understood and enjoyed by the average person automatically for-

feits all claim to being great literature. Actually it is characterized throughout by the simplicity of greatness: it is so inevitably direct and clear and unified that not until one attempts to duplicate its qualities elsewhere does Coleridge's full achievement begin to be realized.

If we agree to allow "The Ancient Mariner" (and "Christabel") to represent Coleridge at his best, we might also feel it profitable to discuss its merits in terms of some eight critical values which Coleridge presented in his definition of poetry (*Biographia Literaria*, ch. XIV, the basis of our last lesson). Ideally the greatest profit from such an approach is the realization that no great work of art can arise from a basis of inferior critical standards, and that while the artistic creation may fall far short of fulfilling ideally the author's critical principles, on the other hand, the artistic creation can never rise above the goals the artist is attempting to attain.

Critical Values of Poetry Applied to "The Ancient Mariner"

1. *"The living truth of the . . . whole."* The narrative tone, simple ballad verse form, common but brilliantly sharp words, and bone-clean organization; the mass of authentic detail, both of the physical reality and revelations of inner psychological suffering and terror—all are unified by the warming imagination into a living oneness. Proof of the flawless unity is found in the spell of the supernatural which the reader, almost as if he were the wedding guest, feels so strongly from the first to last. There is no desire to skip, no fleeting concern with any reality save that of the power arising from the page before him. Words are scarcely acknowledged as such, so rich is the experience, so real is the need to live the story.

2. *Reality of senses re-created imaginatively.* Sight is the supreme sense: that which we see vividly we remember; that which we remember we continue to see with the inner eye. We cannot escape from Coleridge's magic because so skillfully, so intuitively, does he present before us the central yet common detail. Following the suggestion of his words, we realize within us the detail which at once suggests the whole.

Limiting our search to the first section, let us discover the sensory words with which he gains and holds our attention, one of the most difficult feats for the storyteller. Only three phrases are needed to make the mariner completely real before us: "long gray beard, "glittering eye," and "skinny hand." Only two are necessary to depict the ship amid the fierce storm: "sloping masts," and "dipping prow." To transport us deftly to the Antarctic, Coleridge needs three images: one for the eye, "ice, mast-high, came floating by, as green as emerald"; two for the ear: the ice

> It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
> Like noises in a swound . . . .
>
> The ice did split with a thunder-fit . . . .

Note the vigor of the verbs in the first line and the eerie, unfamiliar flavor of *swound*, which first shocks by presenting some terrible unknown, then somehow magically suggests the combined flavor of *swoon* and *wound*, both of

which add greatly to the fulfillment of the poet's intent.

3. *The power of imaginative reality as superior to heterogeneous actuality.* This point is demonstrated in No. 2 above: *selection* and *condensing* are the secrets of good writing. It should also be pointed out that never a wasted stroke is made as he transports us from the wedding to the Antarctic, to the Pacific, to harbor home. Compare such narrative power with the hodgepodge of detail which constitutes an actual day, or which now within your mind is all you have of some trip you have made.

4. *Re-creation of psychological and supernatural realities through the senses.* Because these end-values arise more strongly from an entire scene, from the accumulative power of many scenes, and finally from the poem as a whole, it is difficult to limit their origin to isolated images. However, at least the general direction of Coleridge's intent can be indicated by pointing to lines which appeal to more than the senses. For example,

He holds him with his glittering eye . . . .

and the guest

. . . listens like a three years' child.

Within himself each reader somehow *knows* why a glittering eye blinds, yet it is a knowing which is so common a knowledge that it is most difficult to state it in words.

We expect Coleridge to marshal all available forces to intensify his effect. Just as this first scene is made more immediate by being written whenever possible in first person, present tense (I am), so he gradually begins to personalize the forces of nature, that they might convey mystery, awe, and the great inner conflict between good and evil which tortures the Ancient Mariner and all the world. The sun is neither good nor bad as

Out of the sea came he . . . .

but the sun is *he*, not *it*, and the mystery of the sunrise inspired all primitive peoples; even today's rational man tends to stand in awe before it.

The forces of evil begin to emerge symbolized as the Stormblast, "tyrannous and strong . . . struck with his o'ertaking wings . . . and forward bends his head" as he pursues with yell and blow his foe, the ship. It is to be expected that this evil force takes man to a place of evil. One of the eternal terrors is that of whiteness, the absence of all color, all life. Surrounded, then, by the ice making "noises like a swound," and the "dismal sheen" of the snowy cliffs and fog, the ship is desperately in need of any sign of rescue and hope. It is at this moment that the Albatross comes,

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

In this drear nothingness anything graceful and alive must represent forces of good. These men, terrified by a seemingly malignant nature, not only accept the bird as good, but as a symbol of Christ and a benevolent God. It is only after the bird arrives that the enclosing ice thunders apart and liberates the ship, as if enraged that the forces of good have come to champion the

helmsman who now can steer an escape.

For the moment the forces of good are triumphant; it is then that "a good south wind" carries the ship to safety and peace, while the happy crew calls the Albatross to food and frolic. But almost at once the forces of evil again begin to descend; soon the ship is once more surrounded by the awfulness of white:

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

It is in the stanza following that the Ancient Mariner confesses shooting the Albatross. He never gives a reason why, but we accept the returning whiteness as the symbol of evil. It is this incident which reminds us that man by his very nature succumbs to evil, not for any reasoned cause, but merely because in moments of weakness man feels the fascination and unexplicable mysteries of evil, and does not resist.

At the moment it seems almost superfluous to mention Coleridge's next two points:

5. *Avoid artificial materials; use those true to life.*

6. *Poetic faith inspires "willing suspension of disbelief."* So skillfully has the poet brought us to believe that the events of nature and man mentioned thus far say to our inner souls far more than such events usually express.

7. *The end of poetry is pleasure or delight arising from within the whole poem itself.* While the poem should please, the source of that high pleasure should be within it, whether the source is meter, rhyme, or truth. Here and elsewhere in his critical writings Coleridge approves of truth that arises from within the poem, but opposes the addition of another truth or lesson imposed on the organic poem from without. Thus to read "The Ancient Mariner" only as a lesson which points the moral that we should be kind to birds, or to point to the near-final thought beginning,

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
(text, pages 584-585)

as the kernel of the poem which justifies all else, is to read Coleridge with a shallowness as unfair to his genius as it is unsustaining to us. To moralize thus is to violate the integrity of both poem and poet. This poem is a great moral allegory, in which the conflict between good and evil is recreated through use of imagination, symbol, and sense imagery. Instead of preaching a moral, this poem creates within itself a far larger, deeper theme: that when man, constantly torn between the elemental conflict of good and evil, succumbs to do evil, he suffers for his sin and expiation is never complete; only in part he can atone by showing love for all life. Let us not narrow so great a theme into a moralizing about kindness to animals. To do so is to sell the soul of the poem for a mess of pottage.

8. *"Imagination is the soul of poetry."* Without the blending power of the poet's living imagination no poem can come alive. Without imagination, which is first and last, all else is vain. Only with imagination as its soul is such a poem as this possible.

Other Poems of Coleridge

These same values and rewards are found in "Christabel" (pp. 176-184), developed by similar techniques, although in this poem the tone of mystery and the developing awareness of evil are suffused more subtly throughout the entire fabric of the poem. Likewise a fragment, the sensuous, luxurious "Kubla Khan" (text, pp. 184-185) is an intense revelation of Coleridge's rich imagination. "France: an Ode" (pp. 185-187), has the tone and power of great poetry, and best represents the pure idealism of the young Coleridge. "Dejection: an Ode" (pp. 187-189) is powerful in its pathos as Coleridge bids farewell to "My shaping spirit of Imagination" (l. 86) which he feels he has lost.

Note to Class Leaders:

While on first reading it might appear that this study of Coleridge has been only to justify his criticism, actually the purpose of this detailed approach has been twofold: (1) to point out how great art arises when solid critical principles have first been clearly established; and (2) to sketch, in some detail, a method for absorbing a poem with profit and increased understanding, hence enjoyment. The suggested method for presenting this lesson is, first to discuss in detail similar to that within the lesson as much of "The Ancient Mariner" as time will permit; then to read the poem aloud. It would seem particularly profitable, here as elsewhere in our study, to encourage the class to read both the lesson and "The Ancient Mariner" some time before the lesson period.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Why is "The Ancient Mariner" a great ballad?
2. How can its large, sustained popularity be accounted for?
3. How does Coleridge make us see and feel what he wishes us to?
4. What is the function of unity within a poem? How is it attained in "The Ancient Mariner"?
5. Discuss the poem as a conflict between good and evil.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 16—The British Constitution

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapter 30).

For Tuesday, November 25, 1952

Objective: To make clear how Great Britain has set before the world an example of free government, the outgrowth of centuries of struggle for liberty, and how her political organization has influenced for good constitutional systems all over the world.

The Secret of England's Greatness

THE island of Great Britain, including Wales, Scotland, and England, is slightly larger than the State of Utah and less in area than the State of Colorado. This "tight little isle" as it has been called, has exercised a wonderful influence upon the world.

It has been said that England's

isolated position is by far the most important factor in the understanding of her constitutional history. Great Britain is separated from the main coast of Europe by a narrow strip of water some twenty miles wide, but this channel has afforded a natural defense against the other nations of Europe. From time immemorial the nations of Europe have manifested a jealousy of each other, and have possessed a desire to possess as much of their neighbor's territory as they could obtain by the power of might. This greed and fear have necessitated the creation of large standing armies on the continent of Europe constantly at hand ready for any emergency. The English Channel has obviated any such need on the part of Great Britain. The Bill of Rights, passed in 1689, declared that "the maintenance of a standing army in time of peace without the consent of parliament is contrary to law."

England's greatness also lies, Dr. William Bennett Munro has said, in the genius of her people:

> The fusion of racial strains—Celt, Saxon, Norman and Dane—gave to the British islands a breed of men in whom the ardor for free political institutions was strong. So strong did it prove to be, in fact, that it ultimately became the root of Britain's difficulties with her own colonists. The people of the British Isles, and their descendants wherever scattered, have in all ages been impatient of improvised, uncertain, or dictatorial authority; on the other hand they have had at all times an innate respect for political authority based upon their own consent.
>
> And something, finally, must be attributed to the happy accident that no rigid constitutional framework was devised in the earlier stages of British history to hold the course of political development in check. The Briton has never had much use for political abstractions. He has been openly averse to a system of government based upon fixed principles and involving the application of exact rules. For this reason the British constitution has never been permitted to assume a stereotyped form. It has remained unsystematized, uncodified and to a degree indefinite (*The Governments of Europe*, pp. 3-4).

Then, again, the blood of Israel is profusely scattered throughout the island of Great Britain; not so profusely in the "Emerald Isle." This accounts for the fact that the friction between England, Wales, and Scotland could be brought to a peaceful close with a unity among these peoples; but in Ireland the conflict has gone on even to the present day. Moreover, another sign that the blood of Israel was widely diffused in Great Britain is manifest in the fact that out of this land have come to the land of Zion the thousands who have received the gospel. Next to Great Britain there have come out of Europe the largest numbers of Latter-day Saints from the Scandinavian countries, and then from Germany. All of these nations are closely related by blood.

Political Stability of Great Britain

While in early times England was subject to absolute monarchial rule, in the course of time that nation developed into the world's greatest imperial representative government. In the British nation, when the people become dissatisfied with an administration, they take the same steps which are taken by the people

of the United States, they resort to the ballot box and express their choice. When that choice is expressed it is the end of the matter, the people respect the will of the majority. In despotic countries this is not so.

The art of free government has been the greatest contribution of the Anglo-Norman race to the civilization of the world. Civilized man drew his religious inspiration from the East, his alphabet from Egypt, his algebra from the Moors, his art and literature mainly from Greece, and his laws from Rome. But his political organization he owes most to English conceptions, and constitutional systems all over the world are studied with words and phrases which can be explained only by reference to the theory and practice of English government. It is true, of course, that representative government has sprung from the soil in other countries, but it has usually withered and died. The British constitution is the mother of constitutions; the British parliament is the mother of parliaments. No matter by what name the legislative bodies of other countries may be known, Congress or Chamber, Reichstag or Rigsdag, Storthing or Sobranje, they all bear the impress of their maternity. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, therefore, that the democratization of the entire civilized world, largely through the influence of Anglo-Norman leadership, is the most conspicuous fact in the whole realm of political science. Not to know and appreciate this fact is to miss the first clue to an understanding of the science of government (Munro, *The Governments of Europe*, page 1).

It is true there has been representative government in other countries. Ancient Greece was under such a rule. For hundreds of years the Nephites had some sort of government of that kind, and many of the Germanic tribes of Europe, even while they were in the midst of their savagery, and before Christianity reached them, exercised a sort of democracy. But these forms and attempts at popular government perished in the course of time. The influence of the British Empire has been the leaven, in this regard, which has leavened the lump in modern times. The pain, the struggles, the accomplishments obtained in behalf of freedom, have been felt in many other lands, and other peoples have been influenced by them.

Unique Character of the British Constitution

Great Britain has never assembled a constitutional convention like the American colonies did in 1787. The British constitution is a composite picture containing many fundamental measures passed by Parliament, and her unwritten laws which have survived the ages. It is composed of the charters, statutes, precedents, traditions, and court decisions that have come down piecemeal from very early times. It may be defined as being without definite body and form, but, nevertheless, composed of many parts. It is a living thing. It may at any time be modified or changed by act of Parliament, yet the great features which express the liberties of the people are so definitely fixed and the thread of this freedom is so indestructibly woven through the fabric that to destroy it would be to destroy the nation itself.

While the people of the Empire are living under a monarchial form of government, and they honor their king, yet all the affairs of state are well within the hands of the people.

The British system of government shows great stability. This comes, no doubt, through long centuries of custom and training. The enforcement of the law in Great Britain is superior to that in the United States, where too much attention is paid to the technicalities and too little to the spirit of the law. In this respect the United States needs drastic and permanent reform. To our shame our officers at times have shown disrespect for the intent of the law and inexcusable delay at the expense of the taxpayers. Because of the law's delay and the failure of justice through technicalities, we have witnessed in the United States disgraceful scenes within recent years—scenes which have brought down upon our heads the just rebuke and ridicule of foreign people.

Fabrics of British Constitutional Law

There are several great elements at the basis of British constitutional law. These are: the Magna Charta of 1215, the Petition of Right of 1628, the Bill of Rights of 1689, the Act of Settlement of 1701, the Act of Union of 1707, the Great Reform Act of 1832, the Parliament Act of 1911, and the Government of Ireland Act of 1922. These, taken altogether, however, constitute but a fragment of the British constitution. There are many ordinary statutes which have been passed by Parliament dealing with sundry matters. These acts range over many centuries, coming down to very modern times. The common law is the body of legal rules which has grown up outside of Parliament and gained general recognition.

English history began with a monarchy where the king was practically supreme. The king made the laws and his officers enforced them. The change came gradually, and the responsibility of making and enforcing the law was eventually shifted to other shoulders. The Stuarts held to the doctrine of the divine right of kings. They also sought to destroy the measure of representative government which had been established before their time. James the First was wise enough not to attempt to enforce all of his views. Charles the First was not so wise, and his attempt to enforce his despotic rule carried him to the scaffold. It is said that in the reign of Charles II the people were as indifferent to their form of government as at any time. One historian has said:

> Charles II was at this period as absolute as any monarch in Europe. The nation seemed to have lost all idea of liberty, and nothing but the indolent, unenterprising disposition of the king prevented him from riveting the fetters of tyranny so as to render them indissoluble (*General Biography*, Vol. 2, page 616).

Charles, however, died without accomplishing his purpose, and his brother James II, who succeeded him; was eventually forced to abdicate and William, Prince of Orange, and his wife Mary, eldest daughter of James, came to the throne. This was the end of despotic rule in England.

Today Parliament makes the laws of England, and, while its form is that of a monarchy, it is neverthe-

less "a veiled republic." No statute is valid today without the Crown's consent. There is never an appointment made, including that of the Prime Minister, except it is done in the name of the Crown. Britain is today "Her Majesty's government," and every department is "Her Majesty's"—the navy, the army, Parliament, or whatever it may be. Parliament, however, wields the real power of the British government. It can make her laws and change them, but the people would as soon expect to see the island sink into the depths of the sea as for Parliament to attempt to change some of the fundamental principles which have become so well established through long usage and custom, such as the right of the individual to the possession of private property, which is a part of the constitution, but not a part of the written law.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What has been the distinguishing mission of Great Britain in history?

2. Have someone report what has been the effect of her island location upon Britain's history. Cite historical events.

3. What factors have made for the stability of the British representative system of government?

4. Show that, despite the continuance of the Crown, "Parliament wields the real power of the British government."

5. Why is the English Parliament justly called "the Mother of Parliaments?" Name countries which have modeled their form of government, in part, after that of Great Britain.

* * * *

To a Teacher

Alta J. Vance

She lived above the world
And caught up many to her higher plane.
Between her and those who walk in clay
There was a bond
If they but wished to grow.
She placed high value on the human soul
And recognized its limitless possibilities.
For a dozen years she taught me;
For a life time I shall recall her teachings;
And I shall hope my heaven
Will give me further learning
At her feet—
To hear her voice and know again
Her majesty of soul.

Real Estate

(*Continued from page 515*)

work until the boys get older. Might be you could find work in Halloway in the winter, if you needed more than the farm would make."

Christie sat quietly for a while, her eyes half closed. When she finally spoke there was a new determination, a lilt of hope and courage in her voice.

"We're going to do it, Mr. Burrows. We're going to buy your farm! Somehow I know that it's the answer for us."

And she was more certain than ever when the boys came back, and she told them her decision. Johnny was beside himself with joy, and the glow which had been gone from Ross' eyes since his father's death miraculously returned.

Fisher Towers

(*Continued from page 517*)

off the bottom of Fisher Towers, on up toward the LaSal Mountains, in Forbidden Valley. Forbidden Valley is so named because it is so difficult to reach. In Onion Canyon the roadbed and the stream bed are the same for about a mile. The canyon is narrow, only ten feet wide in one place, and not much more all the way, with the walls rising four hundred feet. These walls are the same deep red as the Fisher Towers, being part of the same formation.

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  Where hollyhocks are swinging;
Rose-colored ruffles rise and stir
  To greet a rainbow winging.

A dart, a dip, an ardent kiss—
  What pleasure could be sweeter?
But love at best is fleeting bliss
  And rainbow wings are fleeter.

In Unity

Maude O. Cook

A tiny raindrop of itself
Is of but little worth;
Yet it can, with others of its kind,
Rejuvenate the earth.

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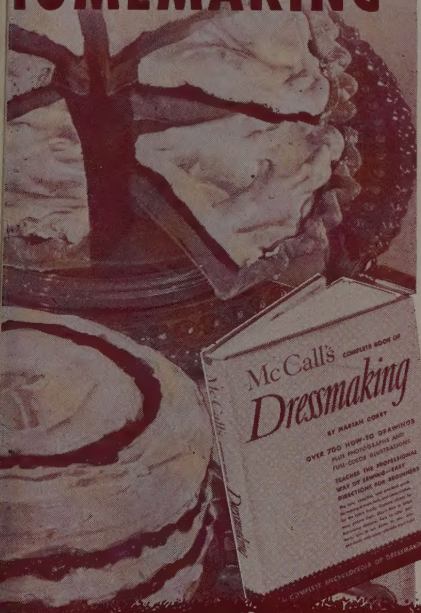

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